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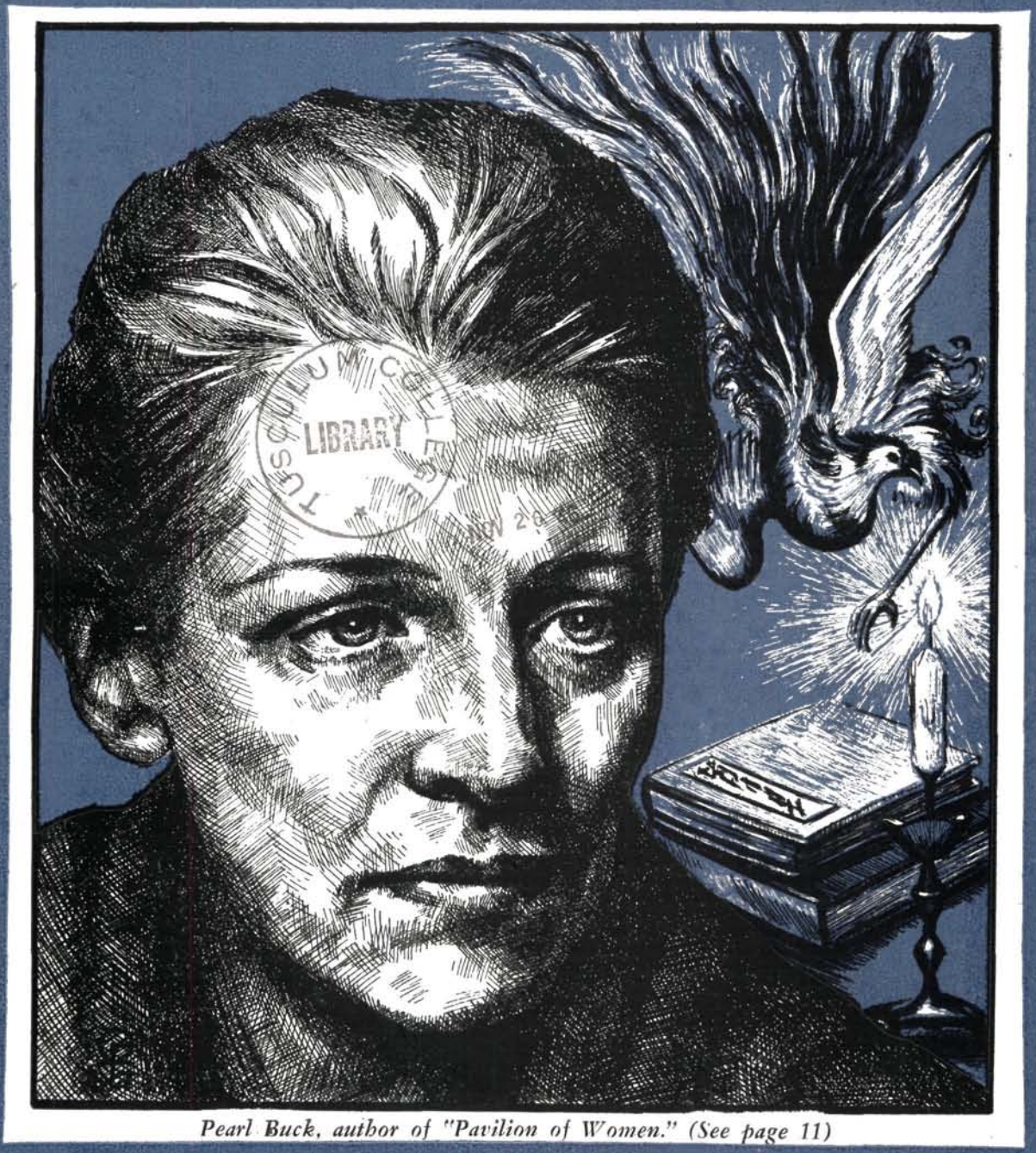

Pearl Buck, author of "Pavilion of Women." (See page 11)

America's No. 1 Public Utility

By W. W. WAYMACK

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Walter de la Mare

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"From where I sit"

ON D Day, Colonel VAN WYCK MASON was in the war plans room of SHAEF preparing the official communiques for the Normandy landings. During those ominous hours he managed to relax a bit by writing a few notes in a journal he was keeping, trivial little notes about what was going to happen the next day and what troops and what ships were involved and where and why, and what General So-and-So said to Field Marshal So-and-So.

In the deluge that followed he put the wrong thing in the wrong envelope, and hours later, when the realization suddenly struck him, he found he had mailed to his mother not a harmless letter, but notes concerning —guess what? Frantically, he tried to trace the letter, but it had passed the censor. It was just about this time that we read about a girl in London who, practicing on the teletype, sent out the premature message of invasion which got her in hot water but brought her many offers of marriage.

Those were fantastic days, and when we look back on them from the confused quibbling and the reaction of peace, they seem to have been very constructive and exciting, almost like a spy story. Almost like the new VAN WYCK MASON spy story, **Saigon Singer,** which is the first *Major North* story since 1942. This time, *Major North* outstrips past performances in this novel of action and intrigue, which by the way, is longer than any other in the series.

Recalled from Europe where he was engaged in delicate and critical duties, *North* is sent to Manila to track down a woman known only as the *Black Chrysanthemum;* a woman ostensibly in possession of a certain dossier containing the names of British and Americans who, for fabulous rewards, had betrayed their countrymen. And a faint trace led to Saigon where *North* met several strange and intriguing characters, among them *Achille Pluvel,* the hard-bitten rubber planter; *Natalie Converse* of the U. S. Consular staff; and the current idol of Saigon, *Xenia Morel,* an anatomic bombshell and talented opera star. How do you feel, a little on edge—hmmmmmm? Well, I'm on page 176, catch me if you can.

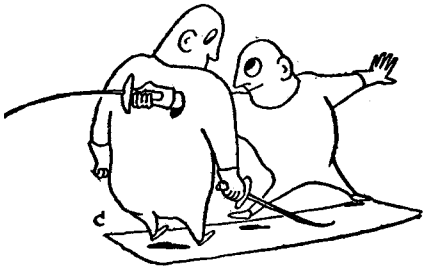
paul

DOUBLEDAY

TRADE Winds

ERNIE BYFIELD, whose Pump Room is the place where stage and literary celebrities *must* be seen when they are in Chicago, played host recently to Jinx Falkenberg and Larry Adler. Both Jinx and Larry can do wonderful things, the only difference being that Larry needs a harmonica. At any rate, they asked Byfield how he happened to go into the hotel business. "It was one of those quirks of fate," answered Byfield. "My father owned the Hotel Sherman. He bumped into me in the lobby there one morning—and took a liking to me!" . . . That reminds me of a remark Samuel Goldwyn made at his studio once, apropos of nothing. "I ran into Moss Hart last night. He was at my house for dinner!" . . .

The latest chapter in the Kaye-Goldwyn saga concerns the finding of Jim Thurber's great story "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." Hollywood, of course, promptly changed the name to "I Wake Up Dreaming." Then the Gallup Poll ascertained that the public actually wanted the original title, so, for the moment at least, it has been restored. The story itself has been revised radically but Danny Kaye, they say, is riotously funny all the way through. The ending was rewritten about ten times, and even the one finally shot left Mr. Goldwyn nursing considerable doubts. "I'm going to call Thurber himself and see what he thinks of it," decided Mr. G. Thurber was located in *The New Yorker* office and listened patiently while Goldwyn, in Hollywood, described the new ending in vivid detail. "Look, Mr. Goldwyn," said Thurber finally. "I don't know anything about moving pictures. I don't know what you've done with the rest of my story and I don't particularly care. I sold you the story and that's that. How can I say whether or not your new ending is right?" Mr. Goldwyn thought this over for a moment, and then cried approvingly, "Thank you, my boy. *Why* can't I get criticism like that in my own studio?"



"Touché!"

Despite the strife and turmoil that attend the shooting of Mr. Goldwyn's pictures, the finished products somehow turn out to be uniformly superior. "The Best Years of My Life," for example, is a knockout, with a fluent, adult script by Bob Sherwood, superb direction by William Wyler, perfect photography by Gregg Toland, and uniformly excellent acting by an all-star cast. The performance by Harold Russell in particular will linger in your memory for many a day.

To snobs who still turn up their noses at motion pictures, I should like to hold up three of this season's products—"Henry the Fifth," "The Yearling," and "The Best Years of Our Lives"—and ask how many plays or novels of the year can match them either for quality or entertainment. . . .

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, guiding spirit of the Dutch Treat Club for a generation, Sunday editor of the *New York World* when Herb Swope was a tongue-tied copy boy in short pants, husband of the founder of the Finch School, has achieved a new distinction at the age of eighty-two. He has written a book of homespun philosophy. "Man a Citizen of the Universe" is its title, and Farrar, Straus will be its publisher. . . . Dodd, Mead's one-volume edition of the best of Stephen Leacock's writings, called "The Leacock Roundabout," is a "must" for that humor shelf in your library. So is the new Viking Portable Ring Lardner. . . . An S. J. Perelman anthology will be added to the Modern Library in the spring. Mr. P. recently puzzled a young lady who was interviewing him in Philadelphia by confiding, "I have Bright's disease—and he has mine." . . . My recent notes on Lillian Eichler's "Book of Etiquette" reminded Lew Miller of some sage advice he once received from a professional gambler: "When you've got a fixed place in the dining room for a vacation, it's wise to tip your waiter and captain three times: when you arrive, when you reach the halfway mark, and when you leave. The first tip is called 'straightening 'em out,' the second 'tightening 'em up,' and the third, 'the pay-off'." Now you know! . . .

I MEAN TO read Lucius Beebe's latest book on railroading, "Highball," if I ever can pry my copy loose from the clutch of my five-year-old son, Christopher. No so-called juvenile ever captivated him so completely. . . . J. R. de le Torre (Bill) Bueno, Jr., of Ap-

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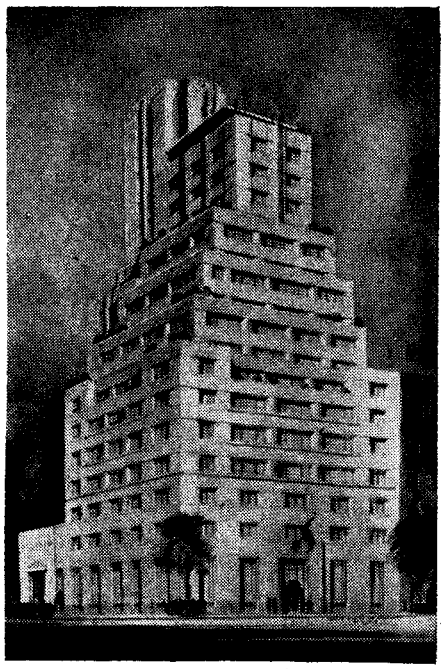
pleton-Century, sends me some interesting statistics on "Highball." It's over the 10,000 mark now, and a new printing of 5,000 is expected to sell out before Christmas. Its production is limited by the high quality coated paper required—a commodity about as scarce these days as hotel accomodations. Beebe spent more money collecting data and photographs for the book than he ever can hope to get back in royalties. He's just a nut on the subject of railroads—and he has plenty of company. . . . Bueno adds, "Lucius is one of the most interested and helpful collaborators in promotion that any publisher could have. He never demands the impossible, and



Crowell-Collier's prospective mansion on the site of an old Vanderbilt show-place.

seldom even asks for the impracticable. Working with him is a genuine pleasure." . . . If this picture fails to jibe with the impression conveyed by Beebe's own often-incredible columns in the *Tribune*, and his frothy book "Snoot If You Must," he obviously has no one but himself to blame. Like many other young "sophisticates," Beebe seems to pride himself on his weaknesses, and make little of his genuine talents. . . .

THE OLD VANDERBILT show-place on Fifth Avenue and 51st Street will soon be torn down. In its place will arise the new home of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company—a nineteen-story skyscraper, air-conditioned throughout, with a sub-basement garage for use of the tenants. The architect's design for the building is reproduced herewith. . . .

MARION BACON has sent me a copy of a new Vassar co-op publication

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first new book in ten years

In all the time he has been with *The New Yorker*, Wolcott Gibbs has probably covered a wider range than any other writer. In a sense, this book might be called a one-man issue of the magazine, since, beginning with some forty paragraphs he wrote for Notes and Comment, it runs through a section devoted to parodies, another to fiction, including the series from which the title is taken, and still another to criticism, not only of the theatre, but also the cinema, books, and the Wayward Press. There is even a Profile, though since it was printed in another magazine, it does not appear under that heading. In fact, except for a sports department, a section devoted to ladies' fashions, a poem, and, of course, a funny picture, it contains samples of practically every kind of writing that has distinguished the magazine week by week.

Charles Jackson has said that Gibbs seems to him "the most intelligent writer of his kind today, the most readable, and the most entertaining." We can add only that he is certainly one of the most versatile, and that we are proud to be his publishers.

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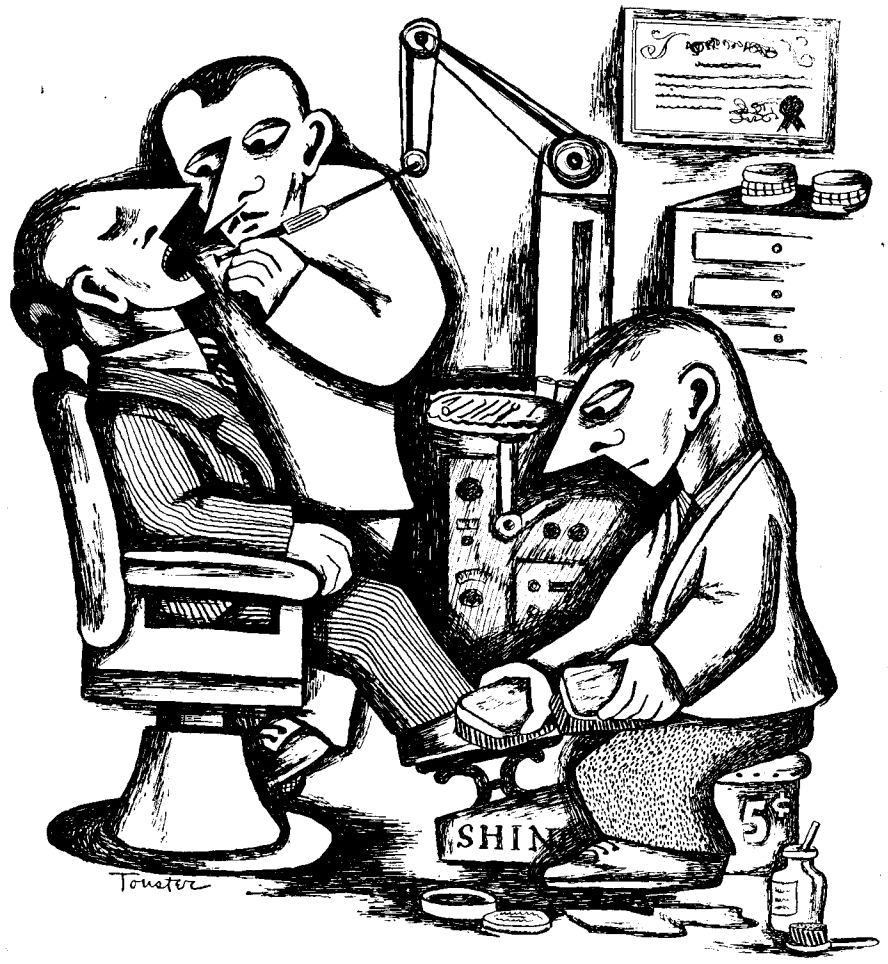

called "Everything Correlates," by Anne Cleveland and Jean Anderson. A look through its amusing pages leads to the conclusion that life at Vassar hasn't changed so much in the twenty-five years that have elapsed since I endured skimpy meals at the Popover Shop, frightening dances at Main Hall (where the *girls* did the cutting in!), and long, lonely rides home on Sunday nights all in pursuit of one of the most perverse, wilful, and beautiful girls who ever hit Poughkeepsie. I can't sigh, "Wonder where she is today?" I know. She's an editor of a great magazine, and dignified as a *New York Times* editorial. . . .

ABEL GREEN, infallible editor of *Variety*, writes, "Your recent mention of Harry Lauder reminds me of an experience Martin Wagner had with the great Scotch comedian. Wagner, now road manager for José Iturbi, handled the twelfth of Sir Harry's 'farewell' American tours, and did such an outstanding job that some reward obviously was in order. The reward took the form of a road-company edition of a Tiffany cigarette case, but, since it came from a knighted comedian, Wagner allowed as how he'd like it inscribed. Lauder said he'd oblige, and, with a pocket nail-file, scratched his monogram on the cigarette case. The case being genuine 14-Kresge gold, the inscription promptly turned green. Sir Harry observed complacently, "It's prettier that way'." . . .

WHEN IT COMES to worrying about the gravity of temporary aches and bruises, Playwright George Kaufman takes a back seat for nobody. Wielding a croquet mallet at the home of columnist Billy Rose a few Sundays ago, he suddenly suffered a spell of dizziness, and could scarcely wait for his doctor's office to open at nine o'clock the next morning, that he might be tapped and examined from head to toe.

The doctor took him over to the cardiograph machine, and George did a bit of major-league pacing while the results were being studied. Finally the doctor reappeared from his sanctum, and spread the charts on the desk before him. He cleared his throat nervously, and said, "George, there is something I might as well tell you. You'll find it out sooner or later anyhow."

Kaufman clutched the corner of the desk until his knuckles were white and told himself, "This is it. Be brave! Take it like a man."

"The fact is," continued the doctor, "I am going to be married."

BENNETT CERF.

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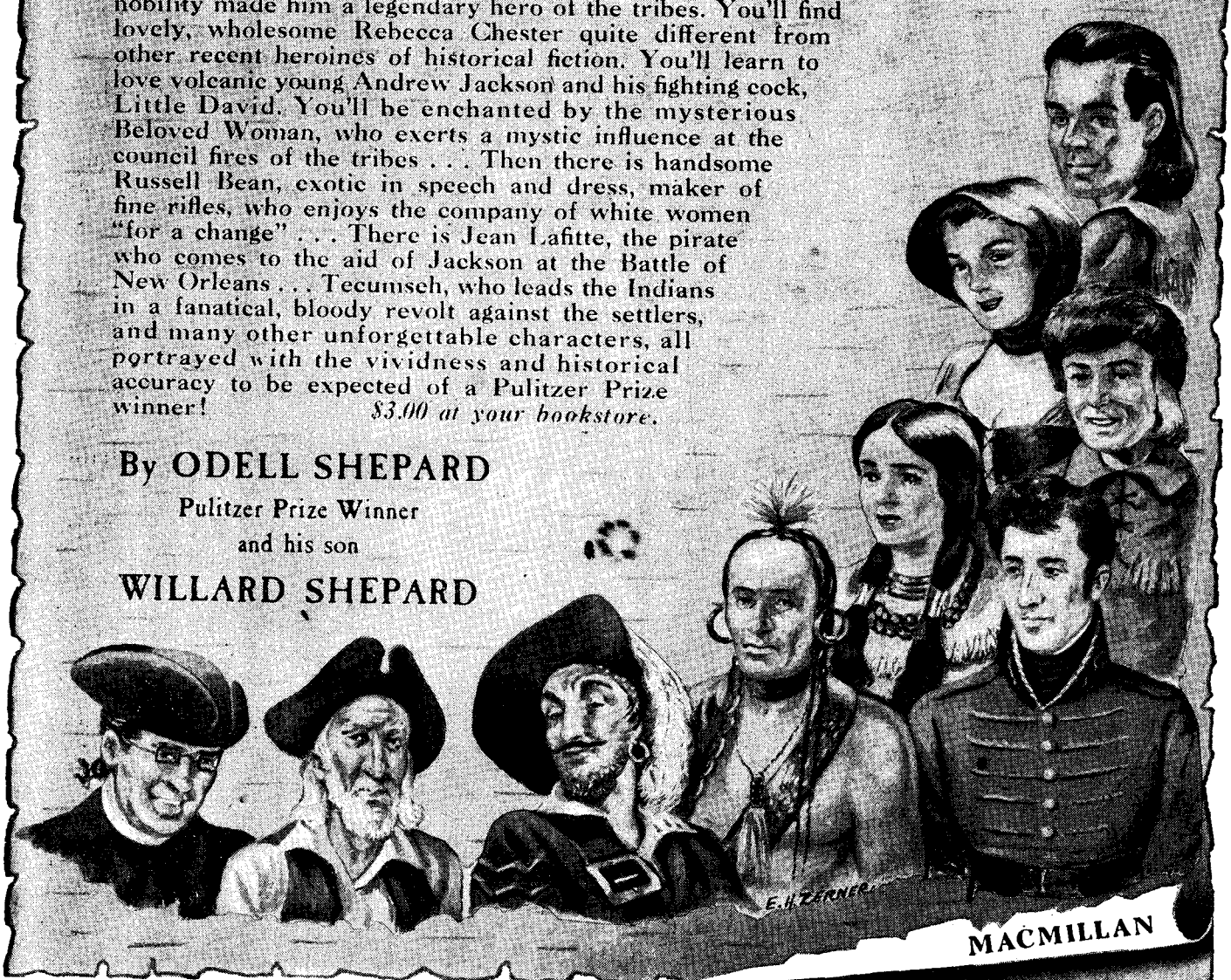

MACMILLAN

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THE Captain AND THE Tiger

WE never met the captain, though we knew him by reputation. His career had been unusually successful even for a New England shipmaster. When he retired he went to live on one of the islands off the Maine coast where he became an influential and public-spirited member of the community. No worthy cause lacked his support. His contributions could be counted on for all the village projects. All but one, that is. When he was asked to contribute toward starting a public library he sharply refused. "Readin' rots the mind," he said.

There is no record that anyone argued with the captain. Perhaps he was not open to argument. Perhaps his fellow townsmen had an uneasy feeling there might be something in what he said. If that was it, we confess we share their feeling. There is a way of reading that rots the mind—reading to escape one's own thoughts.

If we could have a talk with the captain we would like to suggest that there are two ways of reading, active reading and passive reading. And there's something to be said for the first. The active reader is a participant. His thoughts come to meet the author's, in agreement or dissent. If the text is flint, he'll be steel and strike sparks. Or some passage may serve as a springboard for creative ideas of his own. Whatever happens, it's two-sided.

This hypothetical argument came into our mind in connection with William Blake, a writer who challenges the reader every line of the way. No passive readers need apply. We have been thinking a good deal about Blake since reading Mark Schorer's illuminating book, WILLIAM BLAKE: *The Politics of Vision*, which relates him to the thought of his own age and of ours. Mr. Schorer supplies an answer to the persistent question of how the author of *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* came to write the Prophetic Books. In supplying that answer he makes clear the immediate importance to us of what Blake has to say. It's a good argument for active reading.

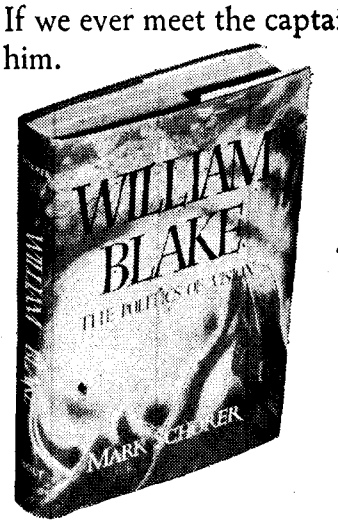
Rebellion against tyranny is the clue. Blake was a revolutionary, but he carried the idea further than most. He fought tyranny in its ultimate stronghold, the human mind. The drama of the Prophetic Books, which moves so vividly and terrifyingly before the inner eye, is the battle against "mind-forg'd manacles".

Blake's passionate and life-long interest in freedom was not theoretical or personal or artistic or political. It was all of these combined in a single impulse. Blake wanted life, not for himself alone, for Man. Life for Man—so that he might love, sing, write, paint and still further enlarge his freedom by fighting against tyranny.

Life depends on the release of energy. Blake saw this energy dammed at its source. He saw the faculties of the mind at war or subjected to the tyrannical rule of Reason. And he spent his life trying to clarify the strife. When he wrote about the Tiger and the Lamb he wrote from his own experience. Blake was both, though perhaps mostly Tiger. His explorations of this interior battlefield bewildered his contemporaries. Many of them thought him mad. Now that modern psychology has caught up with Blake, or at any rate has put the substance of his visions in different terms, we can see more clearly the magnitude of his effort. The "mind-forg'd manacles" are still with us. Their disastrous effects are everywhere evident.

Blake has no final answer for the woes of the world nor any immediate prescription for happiness. But he knew in what direction to look for them. In seeking to release the creative energy in himself and in others he touched upon our nearest and hardest problem. Reading him is a challenge to the active mind.

If we ever meet the captain we'll mention Blake to him.



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The Saturday Review of Literature

America's No. 1 Public Utility

By W. W. WAYMACK

A COMMITTEE of New York City educators last year listened to a series of lectures by *New York Times* men, went through some intensive "workshop" discussions, and came up with the conclusion that newspapers ought to be studied in our schools—not as a bit of supplementary fluff but as an important part of the total educational process. They used the word "integral." Their judgment, of course, was that of competent professional educators, and they were thinking solely in terms of the newspaper as an educational tool.

They were quite right. Our processes of "formal education" not only can make sound use of the newspaper from kindergarten to college inclusive, and in literally a thousand ways involving nearly every kind of "course." Our formal educational processes also *need* the newspaper "integrally" in order to relate education to life, to our generation, to reality, to education's fundamental job of preparing youth for vocation and citizenship.

While quantitatively America has had more of education than any other human society, it is a trite truism that as preparation it is inadequate. The intelligent part of adult America still shakes its head in wistful sympathy as a new crop of school graduates is turned out. Orators at graduation exercises still tell the product of our schools that they are going to find things very different and quite terrible. Commencement is a great breaking-point separating the academic from the real, dividing two lives.

This over-the-precipice-and-into-the-torrent significance of commencement needs drastic reducing. That does *not* mean turning all our schools into vocational academies. It has little to do with the controversy between the "great books" educators and their confessedly "more practical" opponents. What is needed is that our education be made animate, be made to live and breathe, regardless of the balance that is struck between Aristotle and the lathe—or Einstein and Hollywood.

To be sure, our education has been "making progress." And certainly our leading educators are not unaware of the weaknesses. The real trouble, the root of the main weakness, has been and is in the peculiar climate of the prevailing American attitude toward education. Taking the analogy of a team of horses, we have said to education simultaneously, "Get up!" and "Whoa!"

We have been devoted to popular education; yes. While we have been ridiculously stingy about salaries, our devotion has been something to marvel at, dollar-wise. But all the while the effective pressure has been to keep the educational process detached from the problems of present and future. The tabu has been as powerful as the one against "telling them about sex."

Current problems are always "controversial." Education (the prevailing idea has been) must be non-controversial. Ergo, even history must be "taught" as if it were a puppet show manipulated by some not very convincing artist ages and ages ago in a world that probably never existed and that, in any case, certainly has no relevance to our world of today. When an educator so far forgot himself as to relate education to what his students would shortly have to deal with, the "authorities" attended to him.

And yet nationally we go into the

dolors whenever somebody remarks that we are weak in "preparation for citizenship."

Well, the "integration" of the daily newspaper (which is day-by-day history, from the stories about Gromyko's veto and Al Capone's supposed reactivation, on page 1, to the "Help Wanted" advertisements in the classified section to the rear) into the schooling process is a sound, feasible, and urgently needed way of relating past and present and future. It is a needed way of relating the academic to the real, of making education a stream instead of a process of pushing youth over a cliff blindfolded, with the admonition that it is up to youth to survive the drop somehow and then to find better answers for the problems of citizens on the plains below than their predecessors have had brains enough to find.

SO much for the need that the schools have for the newspaper. That also suggests society's need for the same thing. But there are two sides to the need.

The press, for its own good as a key instrument of a democratic society, needs to be in the schools. More accurately, our society needs in its own interest to have our press subjected to the corrective critical process that general use of newspapers in the schools would lead to.

The press is the No. 1 public utility of a self-governing people. (To the extent that radio shares the role, it will come under the same influence.) But the press is a peculiar kind of public utility which cannot safely be regulated by government as to its essential service function. (Of course the *publishing business* can and should be regulated as to wage minima and things like that; but that's another story.)

The impracticability of government regulation puts a tremendous responsibility upon the private enterprisers who run this public utility. It puts upon them more social responsibility than any small group can be expected to live up to unaided. The only real

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safeguard of its own interest that the public has is itself, through effective public opinion.

There is not any effective public opinion with respect to the press today. There is plenty of skepticism about the press, even cynicism. But the average literate American neither knows what our press is nor has any concept of what it might be or ought to be. The average literate American "doesn't know how to read a newspaper," much less to understand newspapers. He is characteristically grossly unfair in his failure to recognize and applaud press betterment. He isn't much if any better at recognizing press weaknesses that ought to be corrected.

GET the newspaper into the schools, where its presence is abundantly justified by numberless immediate educational values, and there will inevitably begin to develop a critical approach to the press that will become intelligent and constructive—and that will give us by and by a generation of Americans who know what they want of their press and why they want it. If that isn't needed, there is simply no sense in the whole democratic philosophy.

It would be easy to write lengthily, and without distorting truth, about the virtues of our press, and to twist the argument for school study of newspapers into a mere project for better "public relations"—a "selling job" done to the refrain "Ain't Our Press Wonderful?" The trouble about that approach is precisely that it is too easy; that all of us within the "profesh" sing paeans to ourselves regularly anyhow; and that what we and our society need is not more of that but more of candidly introspective hunting for weaknesses in order to get them in the course of being cured.

More appreciation of the press as it is will come from regular school study, but that should be a by-product of a process pointed to betterment. This analysis, therefore, will take both large virtues and current slow progress for granted, and will center deliberately and rather brutally on defects and needs.

Let's now recite some of the facts (including shibboleths, which are often among the toughest facts) about the American press today.

FIRST FACT—The newspaper industry, like others, has consolidated into fewer and larger units. Apparently the process hasn't stopped. All the newspaper service in a lot of cities, including pretty big ones, is a local monopoly. On the whole, so far this trend toward bigger and fewer has produced better newspaper service, not worse. But it obviously has its dangers and already has its bad spots and its serious imperfections.

FACT TWO—"The American press is the world's best." The appropriate comment is, "And so what?" Does that validate the smug premise that it is good enough?

FACT THREE—"The only free newspaper is a solvent newspaper." That comment by the late Colonel Frank Knox was right and it was important. It points up one of the benefits of fewer, bigger, and richer newspaper properties. But all it means is that a problem of the past has been largely solved. It has little relevance to the problem of present and future. An era of financially successful newspapers means that those who run them are not so poor and dependent that they cannot afford to be ethical. It gives to those who run them adequate play for whatever ethics and enlightenment God has graced them with. It does not assure freedom from prejudice, nor a passionate zeal for social service that rises above narrow interests and the lust for power. Venality, corruption, crookedness are happily almost non-existent in the American press. The people should come to know that. They should also come to know that this is not the problem.

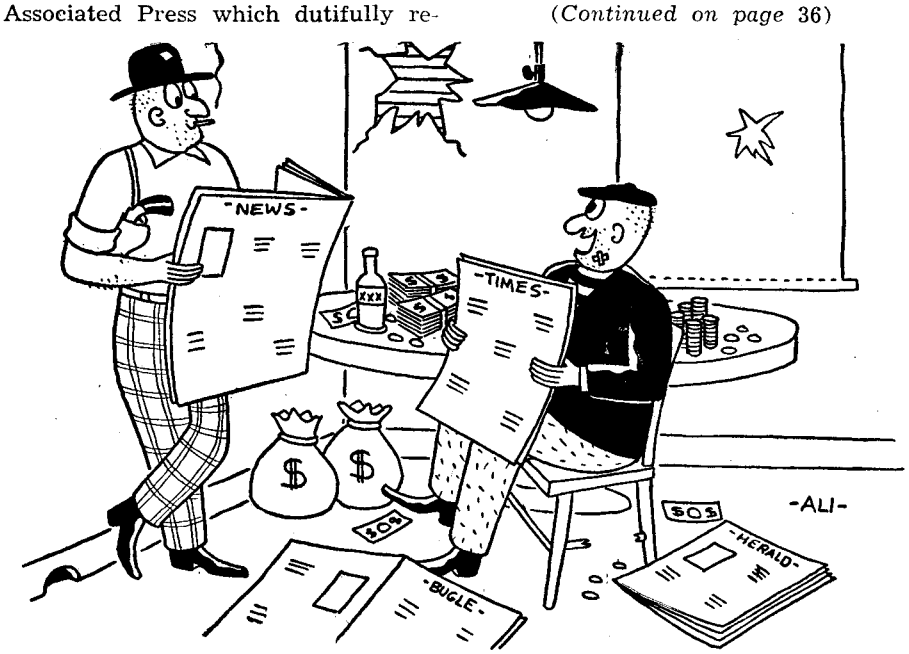
FACT FOUR—"You can't believe what you read in the papers." That is still the commonest of all comments. It certainly reflects the fact that people don't know how to read newspapers and don't know what they have read when they have done it. Daily one winces at hearing people of almost all educational levels remarking that "The *Register* said so and so"—when it was the United States Weather Bureau which made a qualified prediction, or the Rome bureau of the Associated Press which dutifully reported some possibly significant article that had appeared in a periodical which sometimes though not always reflected the views of the Vatican.

But besides reflecting this public weakness the cynical comment also reflects a press weakness. That weakness is a lack of passion for accuracy, especially in small things. Excluding certain bad actors, this does not apply to important news—quite the contrary. But when people are cynical about newspaper dependability, and when surveys shock publishers by revealing that half or more of the people prefer to get both news and opinion by radio, it is amazing that our press does not, in sheer self-defense, make the avoidance of even the smallest errors—in the initials of a man's name, in the title of a Kiwanis Club officer, in a street address—an objective worth any amount of trouble, any amount of expense, any amount of daily insistent pressure from the top.

Nor is this wholly a concern of the press. It is far more important than the interest of newspaper stockholders in maintaining the prestige and competitive position of newspapers *vis-à-vis* radio. There are compelling social reasons, vital reasons of self-government, why reading instead of hearing should be the main reliance in judgment-forming.

FACT FIVE—Something is happening to the principle of "news objectivity" which a generation ago seemed certain to be the permanent touchstone. Also it then seemed to be a simple and readily achievable standard. It has not been consciously abandoned. Generally speaking, it is still a sort of goal. But the seeking of news objectivity through drably colorless

(*Continued on page* 36)



"Listen to what Garson of the *Times* says, 'A brilliant robbery, executed with machine-like precision'."

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By a Dedicated Storyteller

PAVILION OF WOMEN. By Pearl Buck. New York: John Day Co. 1946. 325 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

TODAY I am forty years old. . . . Your fires are burning and strong. You ought to have more sons. But I have completed myself." For ten years Madame Wu had been secretly preparing to say this to her husband. In the twenty-fourth year of her marriage she said it.

The sudden words pained and shocked Mr. Wu. "I do not want another woman," he protested. "I have never looked at another woman. You have been more beautiful than any woman I ever saw, and you are still more beautiful than any woman."

But Madame Wu, the exquisite and silvery voiced, brain of the Wu fortunes and heart of the Wu family, had her way. That way uprooted her husband from the grooved contentment of his days, and penetrated the lives of the sixty-odd people who dwelled and had their being in the picturesque and ordered courts of the vast Wu household. It had a bearing on the careers of the four Wu sons and an influence on the marriages of the two who had heard the call of the alien West. It entailed suffering and a measure of tragedy for the girl whom the lovely matriarch chose as her husband's concubine.

To one of her daughters-in-law Madame Wu gave this explanation for her unconventional break with the past: "Heaven in its mercy says when a woman is forty, 'Now, poor soul and body, the rest of your life you shall have for yourself. You have divided yourself again and again, and now take what is left and make yourself whole again, so that life may be good to you for yourself, not only for what you give but for what you get.' I will spend the rest of my life assembling my own mind and my own body."

This last sentence it is that lies at the core of "Pavilion of Women." About that sentence the sparks of controversy will fly. Does it hold the answer to that old, old question: Are husband and children the fulfilment of an intelligent woman's life? Or does it offer only one answer, perhaps even a partial answer by which some will judge Madame Wu as a courageous woman, others a selfish one?

To Miss Buck she is a courageous woman in search of herself. A Chinese girl of distinguished lineage, she had at sixteen dutifully married the husband of her parents' choosing. She had made her husband happy, reared his sons well, administered his business with acumen, done honor to her position as head of a wealthy man's household. Her wifehood had conformed to the ancient Chinese concept of marriage, which is that "marriage is a human obligation to life."

But over and above this Madame Wu craved personal happiness. Was not the younger generation of Chinese beginning to demand individual happiness in marriage? Madame Wu's mind hungered for knowledge of the peoples of the world, of the past, of the secrets of the physical universe. Her soul aspired to greater spiritual stature. She needed a life of her own, needed freedom for her mind and for her soul. And in the day of her maturity she tried to seize it.

Then she met one who counseled: "Instead of your own freedom, think how you can free others." The counselor was Brother André, a missionary whom she had engaged to give English lessons to one of her sons. Out of the store of his learning the scholarly foreigner taught Madame Wu much of the wisdom of men and books. Out of his broad humanity and his rich understanding of the human heart she learned at last that the soul reaches full stature only through love.

"Pavilion of Women" is Miss Buck at her best, the dedicated storyteller. Beneath the deceptive simplicity of the narrative flows the clear, swift tide of human life—the small commonplaces of daily living, the clashes of personality, the episodes mean and magnificent.

There are characters in the book that search the recesses of the heart —tragic Ch'iuming, slovenly Madame Kang, banal and pathetic Mr. Wu. Madame Wu herself, though her home is in China, lives, as the author says, "everywhere, in the soul of every woman ever born."

In the saintly Brother André Miss Buck reaffirms her warm faith in the brotherhood of man and her passionate hope for understanding among races and peoples. There are many unforgettable scenes in "Pavilion of Women"—the birth episode at Madame Kang's, the meeting of Madame Wu and the foundlings, the introduction to Jasmine. None is more significant for the atomic age than the scene in which Brother André explains to Madame Wu the meaning of Clough's "westward, look, the land is bright." He opens for her a window on the world. His is a noble thesis, nobly arrived at.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCRAMBLED LINES OF POETRY

Martha Lavell, of New York City, asks you to unscramble these familiar lines of poetry and then quote the lines that follow them. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 28.

1. By castle the of night 'tis middle clock the.
2. In by a live side the road house the of me let.
3. Acquainted matters too well very mathematical with I'm.
4. Double lips his from truth sway with prevailed.
5. Many a unseen blush to born is flower full.
6. I woodlands the about go will.
7. Good get fair when always together it's fellows weather for.
8. Felt some skies the of then watcher I like.
9. Like see lying I ground should heap it upon in the a to.
10. Lonely again sea the seas the I to and to down sky the go must.
11. Go it come and you as trip.
12. All were children in the beds their snug nestled.
13. Torrent gusty the darkness of wind a trees the among was.
14. Dreary weary while a weak I once midnight upon and pondered.
15. God thyself scan to not presume then know.
16. One of hour crowded life glorious.
17. The sun are strange in done midnight there things.
18. And error be if me proved upon this.
19. Burnished a iris on changes the livelier in dove spring the.
20. Somewhere are laughing and children and men shout somewhere.

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Victorian London *Curiosa*

FORLORN SUNSET. By Michael Sadleir. New York: Farrar, Strauss & Co. 1946. 496 pp. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

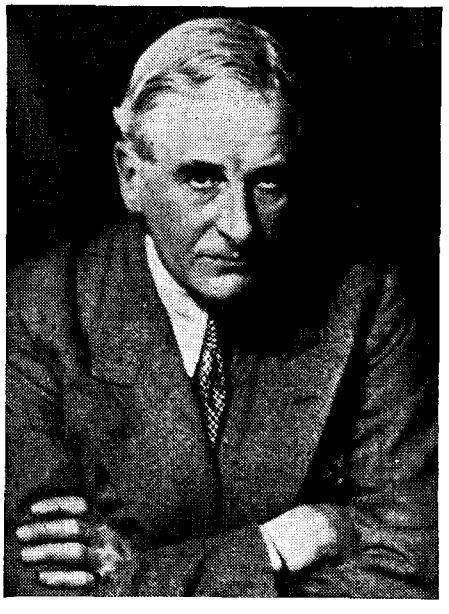
LONDON in the mid-nineteenth century was the scene of the world's most awful poverty. Its slums were so hideous that even the Roman of Nero's day would have turned his face from them, and even the Neapolitan of King Bomba's dispensation have gazed upon them with mild disgust. No other city of the time —not Calcutta, not Dublin—could show anything to equal these accursed rookeries. The economists of the '60s and '70s could not suggest, nor the legislators write, nor the Governments execute any remedy; for this was still the era of laissez-faire, and property was sacred, particularly when, as was the case with London real estate, it was rotten and bulging with filth, misery, disease, crime and profits.

Today, when the principle of laissez-faire appears to be girding itself for its final and most savage battles, it is not without interest to read about that principle in its heyday, and to observe the daily lives of some of its victims. Some such opportunity is provided in the pages of Mr. Sadleir's latest novel. "Forlorn Sunset" is a companion piece to "Fanny by Gaslight." Readers of the earlier novel will doubtless remember that, as a picture of the London underworld in the '70s, it was an effective story, but that there was a lilt to it which seemed incongruous. At times one might almost have been listening to an *opera bouffe* of which (to mix the periods a little) the libretto was written by George Gissing and the music by Jacques Offenbach. For it was hard to believe that the underworld of London in the '70s was not more gloomy, more hysterical, and more uneasily aware of the pietism of the times than Mr. Sadleir cared to make it.

The same carefree spirit seems to have crept into the story which underlies "Forlorn Sunset." Mr. Sadleir tells us how, in the early '60s, a pawnbroker cynically bequeathed to a London Missionary Society a piece of property which was valuable chiefly because it housed a flourishing red-light district. He appears to be about to explore the relationship between such a district and the slums which fed it. But the theme is a horrible one, his is not the spirit of a Lord Shaftenbury, and very soon there drifts into his novel an adventurous air of adventure and even of romance.

For there is no doubt at all that Mr. Sadleir knows his subject. If his novel seems to be oddly light-hearted, it is probably because it is a novel which should have been written (but, of course, could not have been written) by a Victorian. What it lacks is the Victorian point of view. The Victorian was never quite able to rid himself of the notion that society, with all its ramifications and injustices, was providential; and that paupers and prostitutes had some mysterious connection with original sin. His morality was more compelling than his economics; but if his morality was misleading, at least it existed. It was a force. He could have brought to a theme like this (had he ever dared to tell what Mr. Sadleir tells) a wrath, an amazement, a gloom, and a terror which the modern novelist can no longer feel. It is not Mr. Sadleir's fault that his book sometimes reads like a conducted tour of Paphos, complete with charts and lantern slides; or that his characters, lively and credible as they often are, seem more to illustrate their author's knowledge than to be illuminated by it. In brief, "Forlorn Sunset" is not so much a novel as it is a brisk and scholarly collection of London *curiosa*. As such, it is highly readable. For there is probably no other living author who, in this very special field, could write one half as well as Mr. Sadleir does.

"Forlorn Sunset" has two more or less interdependent plots. One traces the stories of a number of people—a philanthropist, a housemaid, the disinherited son of the cynical pawnbroker, a nobleman, a journalist, a financier—who in their several ways, deliberately or unknowingly, encountered the London underworld and were, with one exception, either ruined or killed by it. The other plot deals with the uprooting and destruction of a villainous group whose business it is to kidnap little girls and, after benevolently debauching their minds and bodies, turn them into the world as prostitutes. In the course of reading the book one acquires a good deal of information about London in the '60s and '70s; and there are some very remarkable sketches of Londoners, particularly of a certain kind of flash bully and a certain kind of heroic clergyman, which are obviously authentic.



A Victorian could have brought to a theme like Michael Sadleir's "a wrath, an amazement, a gloom, and a terror."

Voodoo Tale

THE BEAST OF THE HAITIAN HILLS. By Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin. New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 1946. 210 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS is the story of Marin Dutilleul, a well-to-do city grocer and a full-blooded man who after the tragic death of his wife fulfills an odd wish of his, and returns to live on the countryside. The happenings that follow "Mist' Dutilleul's" settling down at Musseau, a heretofore peaceful mountain community, form a fantastic voodoo tale—a story about the paganized Christianity of Haitian folk (or their Christianized superstitions), about wrathful Penates (called *loas* in those parts), about werewolves, witchcraft midwifery, greedy sorcerers, about the "Great Baron Samedi" and about the "Cigouave," the ferocious man-faced giant dog of the tropical hills. On another level, to be sure, N. M. Marcelin's novel is a gruesome drama of human passion, of human conscience, and the failure of human loyalty.

But actually there is no such thing as a split into different levels in this narration. It is done in an altogether brilliant blending of straight story-telling, two-pronged skepticism, and an allegorical undercurrent which nowhere thrusts itself upon the reader. There is an invigorating freshness and a sinewy power in the style of these authors which defy popular notions about tropical characteristics. It is a proof of their genuine talent and the earnestness of their artistic pursuits, as well as of the ability of Peter C. Rhodes, the translator, that their novel has, as well as it did, survived the filtering process of another language.

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Our Palsied Batting Average

SCIENTISTS AGAINST TIME. By James Phinney Baxter, 3rd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 455 *pp.* $5.

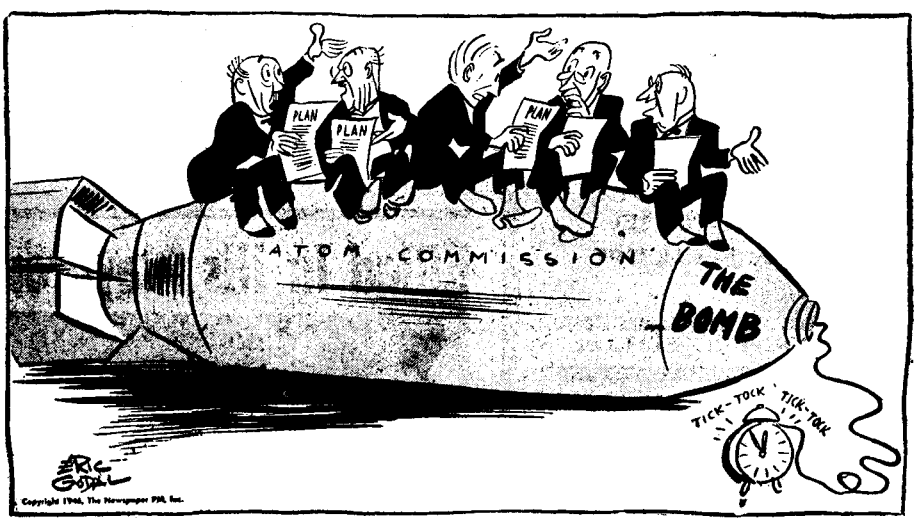
Reviewed by PHILIP WYLIE

THIS is the official story of the secret weapons designed for World War II. It describes the battle of brains that rages in modern warfare behind the battle of men. In fairly chronological order it tells how the scientists of America were organized and how they went to work with scientists from other United Nations; it depicts the brilliant, deadly instruments they devised: rockets, radar, loran, explosives, proximity fuses, air and ship equipment, vehicles for the new science of amphibious attack, medicines, poison gases (with an explanation of why they were not used), gadgets, processes, tactics, and, of course, the atomic bomb.

The author of this fabulous narrative is the president of Williams College. He writes not for the technically educated, but for the technically interested. His field is so immense that, sometimes, he is forced to a mere listing of minor achievements. But the inside story of the major scientific events of the war is well and clearly covered. And the book has two qualities of a particularly dramatic nature—one emphasized, the other as often implied as stated. The first is historical suspense. Dr. Baxter furnishes his reader constantly with the data which drove the furiously, often frantically, working scientists: enemy action and enemy plans as anticipated by our Intelligence. The "time" against which our scientists raced was the speed of enemy science. And if we won the last battle of the war, we nevertheless lost many intermediate engagements.

The second dramatic quality is the bitter, ceaseless fight that scientists had to wage with our own military leaders and those of our allies. Long before the war began, certain scientists urged upon Roosevelt the organization of their numbers for a conflict they knew was inevitable. If Hitler had possessed Roosevelt's education, the world would be Nazi today, save for the fact—as a scientist once pointed out—that if Hitler had been that well educated he could never have become a Hitler. It was the President's appointment of the famed Vannevar Bush, and the use of funds from his celebrated "blank check" of a hundred millions, which started America toward victory even before there was war. Conant of Harvard, K. T. Compton of M.I.T., Tolman of Caltech, and other immortals of the Office of Scientific Research and Development provided the weapons that won the war and, in the bargain, birthed the Atomic Age.

But the scientists—masters of technology in a technological struggle—were treated as inferiors by the Brass Hats. These, as every informed newsreader realizes today, do not have the knowledge, or enough training in the scientific method, to understand what science is about, or how it works, or how scientists work. Dr. Baxter reveals that no scientist was ever permitted to enter the top planning councils of the war. A scientifically illiterate gold braid reserved strategy for itself—and counted the best brains in the world as fit only for tinkering.



—*Godal in* PM.

It's Later Than You Think.

Time after time, as this book makes plain, what science proffered to the War and Navy Departments went begging.

The mountains, plains, and shores of the world were littered with tens of thousands of American dead that would not have perished if various generals and admirals had owned enough education to listen understandingly to scientists. This secret shame of America is in the open, now.

Science gave radar to the Army before Pearl Harbor and if the Army had had the brains to use it, the raiding Japs would have been met by fighters aloft and ready anti-aircraft batteries. Pearl Harbor investigators should pry into military stupidity, above all else! Dr. Urey is said to have claimed that the atomic bomb could have been ready eighteen months sooner but for General Groves's love of red tape, of "channels," and of the high-school fraternity brand of "secrecy" which infests the military mind. Fritz Zwicky of Caltech offered the Army a pulse-jet motor and was scornfully turned down years before it appeared as the German buzz-bomb. America's Goddard was the father of rockets—not Russia or Germany—but Goddard was ignored in America. According to a recent article in *Fortune*, the German scientists we "imported" to tell us about rockets are depressed because we have no rocket specialists advanced enough even to talk intelligently to them! And millions of men who saw combat early in the war could add indefinitely to a list of obsolete equipment and ideas with which they went forth to save American liberty from the Fascists.

"Scientists Against Time" documents the incapacity of American-trained military men to manage war in a technological world. They won because of what science urged upon them in the teeth of their prejudices. They almost lost because of what science gave their enemies. And the enemy did lose only because his military men were even more ignorant of science than our own. Dr. Baxter is polite about this—he is still connected with the War College; but no reviewer need be polite. For, if we ever have another war, our enemy, whoever he may be, will not act as stupidly as the German and Jap militarists. Realizing his struggle must be waged by technologies, he will examine not so much the American terrain as the scientific ignorance of our Brass Hats to find our vulnerable spots.

"Scientists Against Time" is thus a blue-print for our future defeat—unless we persuade Congress to compel our Army, Navy, and Air Force to get together, and to get a modern education. The past two wars represent narrow escapes—two strikes on a team with a palsied batting average.

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Story of a Mission of Mercy

LIFE LINE TO A PROMISED LAND. By Ira A. Hirschmann. New York: Vanguard Press. 1946. 230 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT ST. JOHN

IRA HIRSCHMANN is described by his publishers, on the jacket of his book, as "a public servant of a new type." He was the executive of a New York department store. Then he became owner of a radio station. Then, founder of an organization for bringing good music to the masses. And, then, went to Washington as a wartime government official.

In his own preface, Mr. Hirschmann says, "I am not a writer by profession." The first reaction of this reviewer is that the government could well stand a great many more officials of this "new type," and that the book-writing profession could also do well with a great many more "non-professional" authors of Mr. Hirschmann's calibre.

"Life Line to a Promised Land" is the simply-told story of a mission of mercy undertaken by the author as a special representative of the U. S. State Department. His instructions were to save, if possible, the Jewish and other refugees in the Balkan countries, at a time when those countries were occupied by the Nazis.

Ira Hirschmann set up his headquarters in neutral Turkey. The story of his success in rescuing tens of thousands of trapped people is told with beautiful modesty, with hardly an adjective in the 230 pages; with great attention to exact facts and precise figures, and yet with undertones of warmth and humanity.

His book could have been a hair-raising, E. Phillips Oppenheim novel, for all the elements of such an opus were there—international spies, ships sailing at midnight on mysterious missions, the sinister figure of Herr von Papen, violence and sudden death, coded messages, secret organizations. But Ira Hirschmann tells his story with no dramatics and with no literary tricks. He himself says: "This book chronicles events that demonstrate our ability to save as well as kill in time of war. The task of saving in peacetime has just begun and remains a challenge."

Ira Hirschmann's task was not an easy one. He had against him not only the Nazis themselves, and their satellites, who regarded every American move with double suspicion, but also the uncooperativeness of the Turks, whose country was a bottleneck through which they would not allow refugees to pass, and, in addition, the obstructionism of the British; "an unequal struggle from the start . . . straws against cannon." As he pleaded with diplomats and Turkish officials to allow him and the American government to save a few thousand refugees stranded in countries like Rumania, Hungary, and Bulgaria, he was treated in a manner which made him "feel like a refugee myself." But he took humiliation and opposition in his stride, knowing that the people he was trying to save were taking far worse—starvation, beatings, and death.

"The book-writing profession could do well with a great many more 'non-professional' authors of Ira A. Hirschmann's calibre."

"Life Line to a Promised Land" is not an angry book, but occasionally Ira Hirschmann's impatience with the British boils over and we have sentences like these: "The Nazis never invented cruelties more subtle than this technique [the British refusal to allow immigration into Palestine] which deprived these 'illegal' immigrants of their hope. Nor was obstructionism ever more apparent. Instead of filling the quota, many thousands of the victims of this technicality went to fill waiting graves."

He tells of refugees who were unable to obtain visas committing suicide in front of consulates and of old men crawling on the ground, hugging the legs of consuls and kissing their feet, as they begged for papers to allow them to go on. How he did it is a story which not only makes exciting reading, but should have won Ira Hirschmann a chest full of medals!

When he got to the point of renting ships to transport little bands of refugees across the dangerous Black Sea, Mr. Hirschmann discovered that Balkan ship owners were far more interested in dollars than any humanitarian considerations. In anger, he finally wrote: "Life came high in the Middle East. Death was much cheaper."

One of the best chapters is about a clandestine organization known only by the title "The Boys"—an organization of young men and women who risked their lives hourly to bring refugees to safety. And they did it for years without ever the applause of newspaper readers, for *their* organization was really secret. There are stories, too, of ships sailing off into the night, their decks loaded with "stateless, the homeless creatures with eyes that were tired; eyes that were empty." And some of those ships sank in the night, without a survivor. And there's a story, never before told, of a secret meeting with two Nazi agents (over the objections of the British) which led to the rescue from death of 1,673 refugees and the saving of 200,000 Jews in Budapest from Nazi death chambers in Auschwitz.

The book ends with an indictment and a plea. The indictment reads:

> I am convinced every impartial observer must conclude that Great Britain—because of imperial considerations—has been more concerned with preserving the pro-fascist Arab landowners than with the safety and future well-being of fascism's victims.

The plea reads:

> We must abandon any partnership in and support of the British colonial game in the Middle East and demand the immediate rescue of these lost people. At the same time we must re-open our own doors to these remaining victims of fascism in the grand tradition of a nation that arose from the strength, courage, and hope of those who sought and found shelter on our shores. Then, for the sake of world peace, we must insist that the question of the independence of Palestine be settled in the Security Council of the United Nations, where it belongs, and nowhere else.

"Life Line to a Promised Land" is challenging as well as exciting reading. It deserves a wide circulation.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 660)

O. W. HOLMES:
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(English Men of Letters Series, Edited by Charles Dudley Warner)

Whether his best literary work live or fade from memory, the influence of Emerson's great and noble life, and the spoken and written words which were its exponents, blends indestructible with the enduring elements of civilization.

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The Later Iron Age

IRON OUT OF CALVARY: An interpretative History of the Second World War. By Walter Phelps Hall. New York: D. Appleton-Century. 1946. 373 pp. $4.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BEIK

NO ONE knows better than Walter Phelps Hall that a "definitive" history of World War II cannot be written at this time, and that the conflict now proving so difficult to bring to a legal conclusion has left behind for historians as well as for everyone else a multitude of complex and interrelated problems. The great story which Mr. Hall has been among the first to tell in its entirety will of course have to be rewritten again and again as new facts come to light and successive generations endeavor, as they should, to make their own times meaningful. All this is acknowledged in Mr. Hall's subtitle, which describes his book as "an interpretative history" and thereby warns the reader, by implication at least, that those who dare to write soon after great events risk errors of judgment and emphasis.

But we who have our own times to explain must make the most of evidence now available, as Mr. Hall has done in this concise, well-ordered book. Inevitably a reflection of the intellectual climate of the early postwar period, it is nevertheless the work of one of our most competent historians and offers a valuable summary and analysis of the past twenty years.

For this book is both something more and something less than a military history. Its first seventy-eight pages, devoted to an interpretation of how war came, offer a diagnosis of some of the basic ills of the twentieth century. Looking beyond Prussian militarism and the fascist ideology, which might be classed as immediate causes of the war, the author sees as the "prevailing distempers of the age" economic maladjustments on a global scale, bitter nationalism, and loss of faith in the liberal heritage of the nineteenth century. These influences, to varying degrees, affected all parts of the world, but it is of particular interest to note that economic factors are given their proper place in the explanations of German and Japanese authoritarianism and of the difficulties, not yet ended, in China. The liberal heritage associated with capitalism and democracy but also stemming from the eighteenth century's faith in secular progress through reason and individualism had also come upon evil days by the 1920's and 30's. Beyond listing the symptoms, however—among other things the rush to Lenin, Freud, Pareto, Spengler, and Hitler, and the purposelessness which he finds in such writers as Joyce and Hemingway—the author does not account for this loss of liberal vitality or relate it to the economic insecurity and nationalistic fervor which he has described elsewhere.

His account is perhaps something less than a military history because, having conducted us through the diplomatic disasters of the 1930's, Mr. Hall is hard-pressed in his remaining three hundred pages to chronicle all the actions and campaigns of a global war. Such a task, in a military history, requires not only a narrative but also an analysis of strategy, military technology, tactics, and diplomacy. The author, I hasten to say, has supplied them all, but for the most part with such brevity that the layman will in many cases fail to see the alternatives, while the expert will remain unsatisfied. Few historians possess Mr. Hall's skill at condensation or mastery of the arresting phrase; but with so little space and so much to discuss, analysis tends to be sacrificed to the narrative.

Appropriately, the mood in which the author ends his story is far from being one of elation over a glorious victory. He has entitled the book "Iron Out of Calvary," after Kipling's poem which contains the line "For iron—cold iron—is master of men all," and which concludes: "Iron out of Calvary is master of men all." Of Iron, meaning authority and discipline, there was plenty in the war just ended, but there was also unselfishness, for which the term "Calvary" stands. That the world, more than ever committed to Iron since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, will avail itself sufficiently of Calvary, is by no means a foregone conclusion. Meanwhile we greatly need to know where we stand, and Mr. Hall's book, which reminds us of our failings before Pearl Harbor, of the dark days of 1942, of Russia's contribution to the war, and of the positive success achieved through effort when the chips were down, should help to give us perspective.

—*Clearose Studio.*

Walter Phelps Hall's mood "is far from one of elation over a glorious victory."

This Is Walden

THOREAU'S WALDEN: A Photographic Register. By Henry Bugbee Kane. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 167 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS is one of those rare books so simple in design, so perfectly executed, that not much can be said of it except by way of description and praise. The eighty and more photographs of Walden Pond and of Thoreau's other haunts in Concord are not only admirable in technique, but also taken with a loving and intelligent care. Of all the records of Concord by lens and plate they are unquestionably the best.

But Mr. Kane has done a more difficult thing than good photography of well-chosen scenes. He has dared to quote opposite each picture a line or so from Thoreau's best. And these lines are illustrated by the accompanying photographs. Yet not always, or even often, by a reproduction of the scene or animal, or snowfall, or river curve which Thoreau is describing. By, one suspects, many and most intelligent attempts, Mr. Kane has made his photographs suggest the mood, the feeling for nature, even the idea in Thoreau's lines. Note for example on page 88 the picture which accompanies the words "Only that day dawns to which we are awake." Or on page 142, the flower photograph illustrating "the indescribable innocence and beneficence of nature." Or on page 68, "This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore," with its photograph. Or, to my mind the most successful picture of all, which on page 49 accompanies the famous passage that begins "Simplify, simplify." Illustrations of famous classics in literature are usually an impertinence. Not so with this one—perhaps because in its way it is an original creation, like "Walden," on parallel lines, in another art.

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Abe's Officious Family

LINCOLN'S WAR CABINET. By Burton J. Hendrick. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. 1946. 482 *pp.* $5.

THE DIARY OF A PUBLIC MAN. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 1946. 122 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

MR. HENDRICK paints an unforgettable portrait of Lincoln's war cabinet, some of whom waged political and personal war against their President, others of whom simmered in antagonism, while a few grew to greatness. Most of the seven looked on their chief as a political accident inferior to themselves in almost every respect. None the less, this master politician handled the suspicious, balky, feuding, often disrespectful group to net advantage.

The author writes with the perspective of the reflective historian weighing the knowns, hunching the unknowns, and shrewdly characterizing the actors' personalities and motives in the struggle for control. His scholarship is unobtrusive, his style deceptively leisurely, due perhaps to the detail with which he buttresses vital points, derives imputations of motive from facts that seem unrelated until put cheek by jowl, or assesses moral responsibilities.

It took William H. Seward, the self-styled "prime minister," over a year to learn that Lincoln really was the nation's No. 1 man, but then did extraordinary service. Chase was too ambitious, too lacking in sense of proportion ever to perceive that the President was successfully directing the war government. The Blairs appreciated and respected Lincoln, serving and advising him honorably, shrewdly, and usefully; but he couldn't help being singed by antagonisms that had swirled around the family since Andrew Jackson's days.

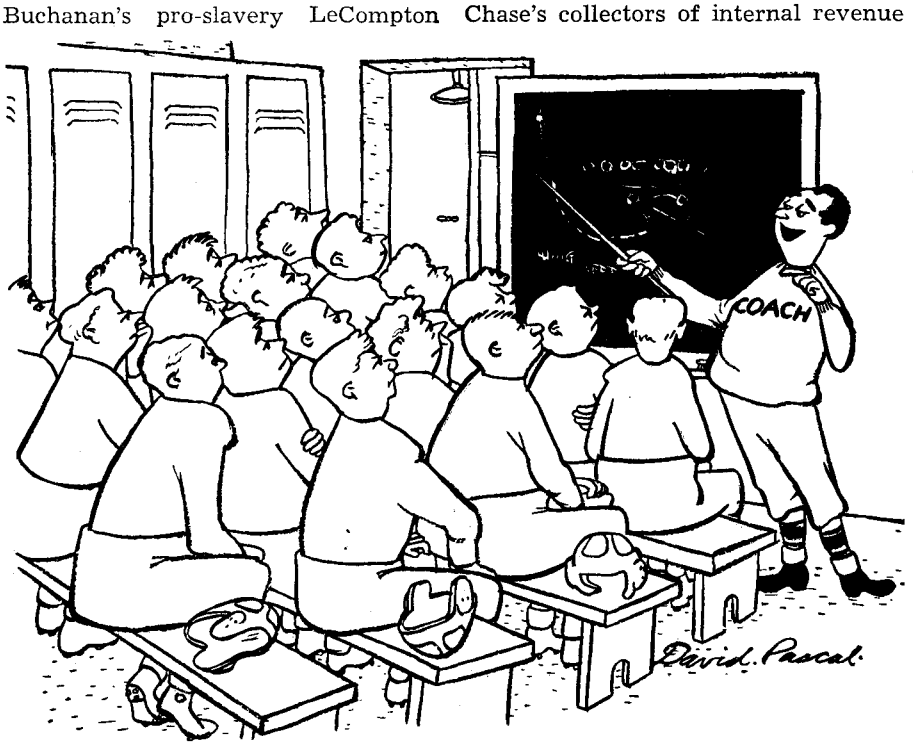
Seward precipitated the first great Cabinet struggle when he reached for the reins, upset the Sumter relief plans, and confronted the President with a plan for war with Britain and France to bring the Confederates back in the Union to battle a foreign foe! By June 1861, however, he realized that "the President is the best of us," and within a year Confederate Secretary of State Judah P. Benjamin was lamenting "the sagacity with which Mr. Seward penetrated into the secret feelings of the British Cabinet and the success of his policy of intimidation." Mr. Hendrick says, with truth, that Seward prevented the South's recognition "because he was a master of human nature." Lincoln found him about the only warm, attractive personality in his Cabinet and often dropped into Seward's Lafayette Square home to swap tall tales. They became an effective team as the President learned to wage the war and the Secretary to wage his battering-ram diplomacy.

Lincoln had rotten luck with each of the men he made Secretary of War. Simon Cameron tricked him into a written offer of a Cabinet post on the written promise to decline it, then dishonored his word. The war made the War Department a paradise for the Pennsylvania plunderbund: of one purchase of 1,000 horses for the Army, 485 were diseased, blind, and useless. As soon as Lincoln undertook to check the corruption, Cameron began snuggling up to Chase, Sumner, Zach Chandler, and the radical cabal. When the political generals freed the slaves in their zones, the Secretary applauded the very proclamations the President indignantly annulled! No wonder Lincoln kicked the two-faced corruptionist across the Atlantic to the Russian Emperor's Court.

The author admits that, as an administrator of the War Department, Edwin M. Stanton "aided powerfully" the prosecution of the war; but otherwise "this oblique and sinuous character" was "only another thorn in Lincoln's side." History presents few counterparts of Stanton's duplicity. A rabid Garrisonian abolitionist, in 1857 he ardently supported Buchanan's pro-slavery LeCompton Constitution of Kansas. Three years later he became Old Buck's Attorney General, only to betray his inner councils to Seward and the Republicans.

During Lincoln's first year, Stanton sent Buchanan repeated diatribes about the uncouth failure in the White House at the same time that he was ingratiating himself with Seward and massaging McClellan's self-esteem. Once in the Cabinet, he switched from Seward and the moderates to Chase and the radicals, obstructed "Little Mac" at every turn, and treated the President with contempt. His later betrayal of Andrew Johnson was in character.

Chase's greatest assets were a commanding presence and the cloak of high moral purpose in which he wrapped his consuming passion to be President. He had energy, organizing ability, and fair financial judgment, and Lincoln was so pleased with his war financing that he didn't check Chase's use of the enormous treasury patronage to back up his campaign to take the President's place. Chase wrote hundreds of letters in which he first would disavow Presidential aspirations, recite the pressure on him to "make the sacrifice," and patriotically agree to do so for the country's sake: "I doubt the expediency of re-electing anybody, and I think a man of different qualities from those the President has will be needed for the next four years." Whitelaw Reid press-agented him as a popular hero, J. T. Trowbridge wrote a fictionized biography, Jay Cooke's loan agents turned on the Chase propaganda, Chase's collectors of internal revenue



"Johnson, show me, which is your left hand?"

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organized Chase for President clubs.

Lincoln decided to shut his eyes. Chase's campaign manager issued an anti-Lincoln pamphlet; New Hampshire, his birth state, Rhode Island, his son-in-law Senator Sprague's pocket borough, and Ohio, his home state, ignored Chase and indorsed Lincoln for a second term.

The Chase boom died instantly, but its author still believed himself indispensable in the treasury, and offered his resignation, to force the President to recognize his supremacy over all treasury patronage—a claim to conduct the department independently of the executive. Lincoln promptly accepted it, to Chase's surprise and indignation.

The Cabinet split Lincoln feared had come; Seward, Welles, Bates, and the Blairs had won in the party council, Chase had been thrown out, and only Stanton and Chase's treasury successor, Fessenden, were left of the radical cabinet group. The President had to redress the balance somewhat, so Lincoln reluctantly removed Montgomery Blair as postmaster general. The Blairs understood and didn't resent it. Within a week Montgomery spoke at Cooper Union in praise of "the glorious and patriotic President who leads us on to success and to the final triumph that is in store for us."

That same day Chase had noted in his diary that Lincoln was an enemy of a free America, but he brought pressure to receive Lincoln's nomination as Chief Justice, and on March 4, 1865, administered Lincoln the Presidential oath. Mr. Hendrick comments ironically, "One would like a record of the thoughts concealed in the minds of both men on this solemn occasion."

"The Diary of a Public Man," which aided Mr. Hendrick's treatment of events between Lincoln's election and March 14, 1861 (incidentally, one of the most controverted items in the literature of the Civil War), has now been published in book form for the first time. Since its appearance in the *North American Review* in 1879, historians have used it without knowing the name of the diarist or being able to identify surely the people whose names he chose not to communicate.

Mr. Bullard's prefatory note reviews the theories but eschews any definitive answer. Professor Frank Malloy Anderson, who has spent decades balancing the evidence on the subject, once felt certain it was Amos Kendall, but Mr. Bullard reports that the Dartmouth historian now doubts that the Harry Hopkins of Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet was "a public man." Be that as it may, the diary is rich reading, and it is good that it is now available in book form.

James Monroe, Middle-Grader

JAMES MONROE. By W. P. Cresson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1946. 499 *pp.* $5.

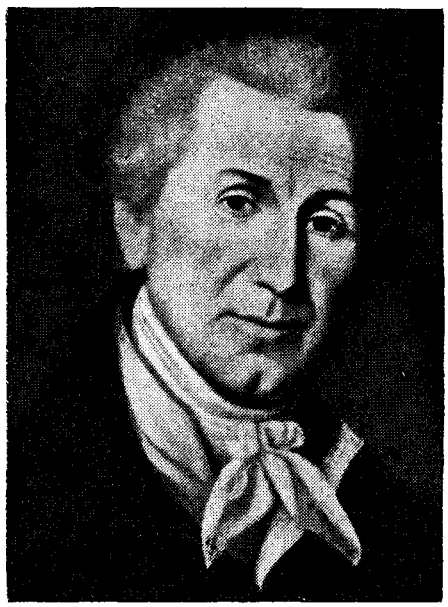
Reviewed by
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

THIS is the second biography of James Monroe to be published within a year; but it should not cause autograph collectors or film producers to anticipate a Monroe boom, since it was written fifteen years ago. On his death in 1932 William Penn Cresson, the biographer of Francis Dana, left behind the unfinished manuscript of his life of Monroe. The work subsequently passed through several hands in various stages of preparation for the publishers. Its final form is not so incomplete as the above process might suggest; but the result of the collaboration has been less to show the hands of several authors than to extinguish the individuality of any one of them.

Monroe is not one of our most exciting Presidents. A man of medium ability and colorless personality, he was the political beneficiary of Jefferson and Madison, whose democratic ardor he transmuted into a genial conservatism. Under his guardianship the Jeffersonian "revolution" tapered off ignobly into the Era of Good Feelings. Monroe was the Coolidge before the Hoover of John Quincy Adams and the Roosevelt of Andrew Jackson.

His middle-grade combination of middle-grade characteristics has resisted the efforts of most biographers. During his early career he was inconspicuous beside Jefferson and Madison; his fiery activity in France during the Revolution represented a unique phase which none of his biographers has been able to harmonize successfully with the rest of his cautious career. His own administration saw a final surrender of the Jeffersonian domestic program. In foreign policy Monroe's role in the formulation of the doctrine that bears his name, though genuine enough, tends to be overshadowed by that of John Quincy Adams, his exceedingly able and much more colorful secretary of state.

Arthur Styron in "The Last of the Cocked Hats" tried to solve the problem of writing a biography of Monroe by surrounding his hero with a cascade of epigram and philosophical speculation in an attempt to set him into the intellectual context of the times. Cresson's method has been rather to supply a detailed account of Monroe's public dealings in which his role is always given a sympathetic and maximal interpretation. Neither method brings Monroe to life. Where Styron was witty and critical, Cresson almost abdicates any analysis of Monroe as a personality. Where Styron was sketchy about Monroe as a public figure, Cresson is ample but along thoroughly old-fashioned lines. The result is a long, plodding biography, sincere and competent, but without much spark or insight. It does not add a great deal to Morgan's earlier biography, and, for all its generally laudatory tone, it is not likely to cause any upward revision in the current estimate of Monroe's place in American history.



—*The Pach Collection.*

"Monroe was the Coolidge before the Hoover of John Quincy Adams and the Roosevelt of Andrew Jackson."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 179

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 179 will be found in the next issue.

DFHNTF KC PBLLPF

FRWFGMFM: N MINPP PFNJ

HBPP MBGJ N ETFNL MYBW.

—CTNGJPBG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 178

I wish my deadly foe, no worse
Than want of friends, and empty purse.

NICHOLAS BRETON
A Farewell To Town.

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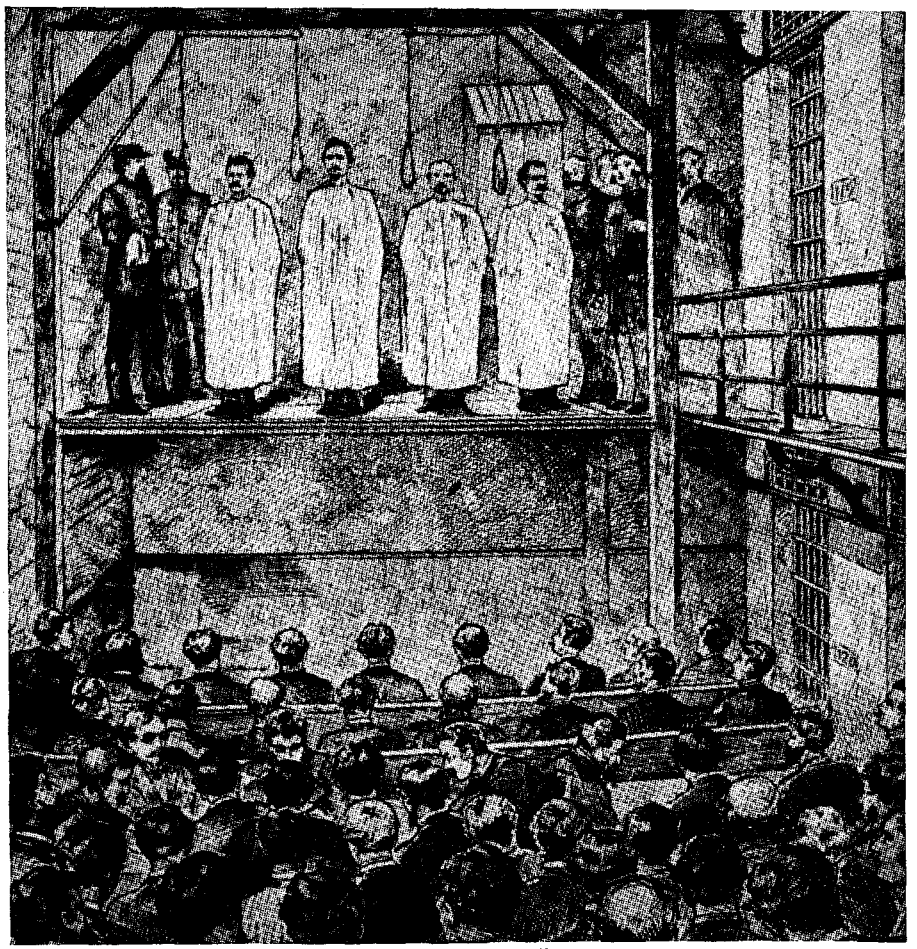
Midwest Arena



—*From "Album of American History* 1853-1893."

"Devotion to principle" resulted in execution of the Haymarket anarchists.

BATTLE FOR CHICAGO. By Wayne Andrews. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 358 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

LIKE other cities, Chicago has had its speculators, merchants, and bankers, its grafters, processors, and manufacturers. In a perspective which is national where New York's is international and which has a shorter history, Chicago's Fields, Armours, Pullmans, Insulls, McCormicks, and the rest have been more crudely individualistic and at least as colorful as the more numerous power-seekers of Manhattan. The Chicagoans certainly strike one as being more like heavy-handed caricatures of stock types common to mid-American cities generally in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Andrews recounts melodramatic and prosaic episodes in the history of the battles for Chicago, but he evidently regards all such events as subsidiary to the city's big show, the long-term struggle for the minds of Chicagoans and of the Midwestern fellows. As he describes the elements in this complex and changing arena, one is impressed by the persistence and relative stability of three dominant viewpoints, those of the Medill-McCormick-Patterson clan, of the Fields, and of the less intellectualized but more typical business mentality for which journalists such as Victor F. Lawson of the *News* spoke.

Joseph Medill's right-wing radicalism had a great deal in common with that of his grandchildren, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, Medill's eventual successor in the editorial chair of the *Chicago Tribune;* the late Joseph Medill Patterson of the *New York Daily News;* and Mrs. Eleanor Medill Patterson of the *Washington Times-Herald.* His spirit stalked in all three cities when those grandchildren published on December 4, 1941 "the most highly secret paper in the possession of the Government," as Secretary of War Stimson called it, "F. D. R.'s WAR PLANS," as the *Tribune* headlined it.

Medill shared especially with McCormick a common distrust of "foreigners," a devotion to what they declared to be the principles of the Republican Party, and an enthusiasm for simplified spelling. Medill wrote in 1875 for the *Tribune* the following which closely resembles contemporary outbursts by McCormick: "The Vigilante Committee is a peculiarly American institution. Every lamp post in Chicago will be decorated with a communistic carcass if necessary to prevent wholesale incendiarism." Mayor Carter H. Harrison II might have said of the whole dynasty what he asserted about Medill and his fellows in connection with their roles in the Pullman strike of 1894, "To their way of reasoning, an employer was always right, the employee invariably in the wrong."

More than superficial similarities emerge between those two gentlemen of such different schools, Marshall Field I and Marshall Field III. Both are noted for their calmness. Both exhibited a devotion to principle and a keenness of perception that commanded and commands respect. Both the founder of Marshall Field & Co. and the founder of *The Chicago Sun* established reputations as pillars of contemporary popular economic and political morality, albeit the morality patterns of two different centuries. Devotion to principle, to illustrate, prompted Marshall I to bring leading Chicago magnates to vote for the execution of the Haymarket anarchists, a decision Governor Altgeld reversed at great political cost to himself. Similar devotion to principle prompted Marshall III to battle for objectives he shared with Franklin D. Roosevelt and Henry A. Wallace.

In the "Battle for Chicago," the Medill-Patterson viewpoint is that of domination through appeals to insecurity, emotion, and prejudice; the Field attitude is that of gaining power through serving popular ideals. The third attitude mentioned above, that more typical to business men, merely bases current decisions in any sphere on self-interest and easily available facts. This is the mental slant of the "bigger businessmen, heading for Evanston, Winnetka, Highland Park, and Lake Forest on the late afternoon trains" and who "dwell in ideal communities from the standpoint of good schools, graftless town halls, and the like. Not unnaturally they tend to forget that all is not perfect in the city in which they spend their working hours. No wonder they are indifferent to the implications of the rivalry of the *Tribune* and the *Sun.*" But this rivalry's outcome will be a most momentous one for the United States.

In writing this book, Mr. Andrews gave a great deal of time and patient effort to the job of thoroughly immersing himself in the facts of a century in a city's life. His access to private documents and the care with which he interviewed survivors give it added freshness and accuracy.

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Music in the Bali Air

A HOUSE IN BALI. By Colin McPhee. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 230 pp. $4.

Reviewed by MINNA LEDERMAN

THIS is a fairy tale like no other. A young man in New York hears a recording of strange music from a tropical island. It lures him half-way round the world. He finds a paradise of golden light, jungle, terraced rice fields, and cliffs hanging over rivers that rush to the sea. Here, among a people of ineffable grace, he lives in peace and joy. Each day in his own garden, or some prince's court, or a distant fishing village, he listens to the mysterious and lovely music. After many years he captures its secret. Then he sails home with a treasure of melody transcribed and crowded memories of his island life.

The story is no less enchanting for being true. A series of remarkable photographs shows us the grave beauty of the people; arrangements of their exquisite music have now been heard; the young man, Colin McPhee, is a composer whose gifts were recognized before he left on this adventure; and the island of course is Bali.

Bali we know chiefly from the lurid technicolor accounts of tourists, an occasional 16 mm. travel film, or a painting. Now we see it with a musician of the most acute sensibility. "Nothing," says McPhee, "is purer than the bright clear sound of metal, cool and ringing and dissolving in the air." This is how he brings to the lay reader his own pleasure in the music of the Balinese orchestras, the dancing, the singing, the acting of artists who appear to make up half the island's population.

Music is the very air itself that rises over Bali. Yet from this aural fragrance there emerges a full, three-dimensional portrait of the people. No single head-measurement is quoted, not one solemn pronouncement on politics or ethnonogy. All is sight, sound, smell, taste, touch—an undeviating record of personal experience. But when we have read the last word we are in possession of the Balinese nature; we know how these islanders feel, play, worship, almost how they breathe. We have learned something of their history, we even understand their condition as a pre-war colonial outpost of Dutch empire.

McPhee lived on the island during the previous decade, yet his story retains a wonderful morning-dew freshness. Soon after he arrives, in 1931, he rents a house, then, after a brief visit to Paris, he builds one of his own. The building of the house and the exploring of the country for rare gamelans are his drama; the Balinese who live with and around him—old and young men, farmers, princes, teachers, musicians, priests—are the protagonists. He discovers a gifted child, Sampih, whose animal shyness he sets down with unforgettable precision. He has him trained as a dancer. He decides to exorcise the demons on his land. For the ceremony he imports one of Bali's great holy men, a saint of indestructible faith who must be propitiated with three-star brandy. He attends the cremation of a rajah. The princess, in her 250-pound dignity, is a baroque figure of majesty, mother love, and sly, almost obscene infantilism. He goes down to the sea for the lovely wraith-like rite of scattering the ashes. And his story ends with his own deeply felt leave-taking.

On the very first day he separates himself from the official white world of "residents." He talks Malay and later learns Balinese. The tempo of island life, its maddening interruptions of personal enterprise, he accepts patiently, with infinite humor. The vanity of his friends, their eager susceptibility to bribes, he views with gentle cynicism. He condones their tribal cruelties, understands their superstitions, reveres the formal beauty of their religion. He envies their pagan ease. And yet he knows himself to be the deus ex machina, the man of the West who has the mobility the Balinese lack, the money they need, the sophistication which permits him to comprehend their music, their legends, their way of life, while to them he remains forever an impenetrable mystery.

There is so little about skin color in this book we can hardly realize, as we read it now, that the Balinese are hostages, only a little more remote than the Javanese, in the present bloody struggle for Indonesian freedom. Yet with the most delicate and derisive strokes McPhee has sketched in all the pressures of white supremacy upon the island. There are the mild and rather beneficent Dutch overlords, the arrogant German traders, the futile intervening Australians (in the figure of the veterinary who imports a dog ambulance too big to cross the little road bridges), and, most ferocious of all, the "Americans or British" in the person of the missionary who sneaks in a car-load of Bibles. We come to share McPhee's tender compassion for this island race, whose strength is in a traditional way of life which now seems doomed by the power and temptations of the machine age.

The nostalgia the book so movingly conveys is for a golden land far away and already long ago. In the House in Bali there once lived a sensitive young man, an artist among artists, who left behind the golden years of youth.

—From the book.

Colin McPhee "discovers a gifted child, Sampih, whose animal shyness he sets down with unforgettable precision. Here among people of ineffable grace, he lives in peace."

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Rediscovering America

WALLACE STEGNER

PART FOUR

FRIDAY: Into Rhyolite (pop. 3), most satisfactory of ghost towns. The metabolic rate was highest of all here. Rhyolite grew and matured and died in four years. And if one gets tired of the ghostly refrain among the ruins he can visit Bottle House, made of beer bottles laid in adobe, and buy rock samples or ultraviolet glass. Or he can go to the other intact building, the railroad station, once the grandest in Nevada, which now sits high and dry without rails to serve it. A gentleman named Westmoreland owns it now—bought the whole town at a tax sale—and has made it into the "Ghost Casino," patronized by tourists from the Valley. At eight in the morning it smells glumly of last night's revels. The barkeep is dourly cleaning up. On every square inch of wall photographs of nude ladies simper and coquette, but the hour and the hot morning sun are against them; we leave them for the bartender and the ghosts.

The Titus Canyon road is a steep, narrow succession of switchbacks. Twice, going up, we have occasion to comment on how miraculously a sidewinder can duck a car's wheels, even when he seems asleep. We have seen more than our quotas of rattlers on this trip, and we guess that the lack of tourist travel during the war has let them multiply.

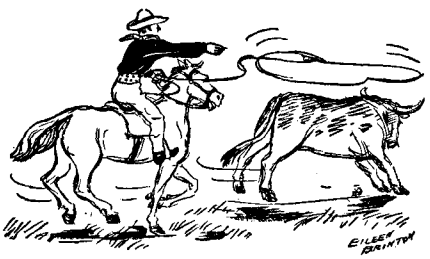
The road down loops in tortuous switchbacks through Leadfield, a very dead ghost rotting dryly in the gulch, and on between steep walls that at times pinch in so that we cannot open the car doors when we stop. Speculation on what it would be like to be caught in this slot during a flash flood hustles us out to the gateway. The whole north end of Death Valley opens up, with the unbroken barrier of the Panamints across the west, and Telescope Peak high and snowy. The interlocking alluvial fans of the Panamints are beautiful studies in clean line. Around us too is the patchwork poetry of our place-names. We have had it all the way: the Calicos, the Ivanpahs, the New York Mountains; Black Mountain and the McCullough Range and the El Dorados; Pahrump and the Funeral Range and the Bullfrog Hills; Muddy Mountains, the Grapevines, the Panamints, the Shadow Range. Most of the naming processes that George Stewart speaks of in "Names on the Land" are here.

For a while now we see sights again, winding up at the Hollywood Moorish pile of Scotty's Castle. This Page enjoys in spite of our superior airs. He is not annoyed by the transcribed commercial of the guide, nor by the tapestry which was woven by Don Quixote. He would be willing to buy the dollar postcards—not sold anywhere else—if we did not yank him away.

Except in wet weather, which is notably infrequent, a desert dry lake is the best of all possible roads, and the one we meet at the top of Grapevine Pass is smooth as concrete and hard as rock. Driving on it is like cutting didoes on ice skates. In the middle of the Sarcobatus Flats we meet Highway 95, and roll up over Stonewall Pass in a spattering thunder shower. Then a dusty graded road, and more passes—Lida Pass, through nutpines and drifts of snow, and down again into Fish Lake Valley, and then over Gilbert Pass into Deep Springs Valley. As we top the summit with the sun almost down, there are the Sierras across the west, white and pinnacled and filling the whole horizon. We see why they are called the Sierra Nevada, the snowy range, and when we make camp we pick a wash that will let us see the peaks when their snowfields are washed in rose at sunrise.

SATURDAY: We spend this morning visiting Deep Springs School, a private prep school conducted by the Telluride Association. Once, fifteen years ago, I was here for a few hours, and once twelve years ago I all but signed up to teach here, so I have a personal curiosity to see how education fares in the desert.

The school has not changed much. Students still work a half day on the ranch. The student body is still held down to about twenty. Masters are not quite as numerous as they used to be, but there is still one for every three or four students. The buildings look older, and it is clear that the million dollars left by P. N. Nunn, one of the pioneers of hydro-electric power, is as unstretchable as the endowment of other institutions. Besides, this million has to support the Telluride House at Cornell, where many of these boys go at the end of their three years in the desert.



This is education of an idealist kind. Boys are taken after graduation from high school, or during their senior year. They are rigidly and strictly selected, since the school, in its founder's words, "requires high-grade material upon which high-grade labor can profitably be expended." The library is fair, and there is a certain amount of laboratory equipment for the study of science. The life is lonely, since the school and ranch are the only things in an immense valley. Only yesterday the ranch foreman scared up a rustler near where our last night's camp was.

Few of the boys are around now. The truck which passed our camp very early this morning contained about eighteen of them, bound on a nine-day trip to Death Valley, Boulder Dam, Grand Canyon, Zion, and Bryce. They make these annual trips unsupervised, packing camp equipment and armed only with letters from Simon Whitney, the director. The three boys who remain behind have voluntarily given up the trip so that the essential work around the ranch will get done.

Deep Springs is a friendly place. But it looks lonelier now than it did when I was twenty-four. The snow lies deep on Westgaard Pass in winter, isolating the valley for days at a time, and the nearest town is Big Pine, twenty-seven miles away. I am sure that the boys who spend three years at Deep Springs get something that they could get nowhere else, but I am just as glad that I am not a master here.

Deep Springs is our last desert port of call. From Big Pine up the Owens Valley and on north along the foot of the Sierra we are on Highway 395, which rolls behind us mile after mile. The passes rise and fall under our wheels: Sherwin Summit, Deadman's Pass, Devil's Gate. On all of them the snow remains in great drifts, with sometimes whole slopes covered. Skier's cars are parked along the highway, and the slopes are cross-hatched with tracks. All afternoon we peg north, at times down in the hot valley, at times between drifts ten feet deep. At Carson City we swing sharp left into the main range, hoping that the snow won't be so deep around Tahoe that we can't camp.

But the shores of Tahoe, what is left of them between the cottages, are either buried in snow or soggy with mud and water. We try the public camp at Meyers and find it flooded. It is practically dark; we are all chilled and starving, but we decide to pull

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over Echo Pass and camp on the west slope, where it will be drier.

On the first steep pitch of the pass the fuel pump gasps twice, coughs, and goes out. By frantic choking I keep the engine alive long enough to turn around, and we coast back into Meyers. Dave is unhappy that we haven't made it all the way home on his cobbled pump, and the rest of us are tired and sore. Only Page profits from this difficulty: he finds a snowbank and gets his hands blue for the first time in two years.

The new pump takes us a half hour. It is almost nine when we top the pass and start down past the ski lodges, through the snow-choked forest. Eventually we find a section of the old highway, marooned when the road was straightened. The wind off the snowbanks chatters our teeth, but wood is plentiful, and on this southern slope above the road it is dry. We fortify ourselves with giant-killer and the quickest food we can think of: soup and chile and bread, and for dessert the napoleons we bought at a French bakery in Bishop, away back in the Owens Valley.

Tonight we all hit the bottom of our sleeping bags, and even the sagebrushing Bonners go to bed in all their clothes. I pull my head in and do not come out until morning, either for air or for a look at the moon. By this time the moon is a pretty moth-eaten piece of merchandise anyway.

SUNDAY: So back home now, the loop almost closed. Down the south fork of the American, past lumber mills and flumes and yards stacked with enough lumber to ease a small housing shortage, past new building enough to care for every veteran in the Western states. It seems that every vacant spot of ground in this quarter of the Sierras is being built on. The number of Bide-a-Wees and Shangri Las is due to be doubled shortly. We wonder why the taste of summer cottages in the West is so infallibly bad. It cannot be simply that many people build their own, because some of these we pass are manifestly neither amateur jobs nor inexpensive ones. And many of the people who commit atrocities in these mountains have chaste and impeccable homes in town. There is some madness in brown shingle, some itch for bright color, some suppressed impulse toward cuteness that borders every road through the Sierra with blue-shuttered horrors. Across the canyon we see a Civil War cannon that someone has towed up the pass, derricked across the river, and mounted on the cliff-like hill under a pergola. Why?

We are dangerously close to sounding like Henry Miller, and spitting the taste of this Camp Cozy nightmare from our puckered mouths. But it is healthy to remember John Muir, who practically invented the Sierra and who should certainly have been one to mourn the pollution of the clean wilderness. He wasn't. Instead of thinking what men did to the mountains, he kept his mind on what the mountains did to men, and he would not have considered even the wretched and pretentious ugliness along the shores of Tahoe and through the passes and on every Sierra lake too heavy a price for the health, the happiness, and eventually the cleansing of taste, that hundreds of thousands derive from the Snowy Range.

Out of the mountains now, through a half-and-half region of orchards and pines, and out onto the long green spurs that stretch down this side of the range. At Placerville we make our last gesture toward the back roads, turning off on a submajor highway through the Motherlode country. Here gulches and bars are upended and turned over by a succession of panners, hillsides are crazy with abandoned sluices, riverbeds are full of dredges feeding messily like hippopotamuses on the gravels that even after a hundred years give up gold. Sutter Creek, Mokelumne Hill—the names echo, but what charms us now is not these placer towns with their storefronts reminiscent of '49 and their graveyards full of history, but the dreamy, high-spring, New England loveliness of this countryside. Like Tamsen Donner, Mary must botanize. She finds eighteen varieties of wild flowers in a space a yard square, and all around us there are blue hills, yellow swales, lavender and white and pink meadows, and everywhere the ecstatic green of California's brief and furious spring.

With home in sight, Page, who has been caged among grown-ups for ten days, shushed, pushed aside, and ignored, begins to generate unbearable pressures. His vocabulary is that of his third-grade kind—about five cant phrases, generally meaningless, interspersed with sound effects. What comes from the cardboard milk bottle he uses for a megaphone sounds like this:

"Be-e-e-e-e-e-ee O-o-o-o-o-o! B.O. Plenty! Body Odor Plenty! *Zz-z-z-z-z-z-zzzzz! Paouwwwww!*" He can broadcast from the far rear seat across the piled duffle, and shatter eardrums in the front seat. "Ladies and gentlemen!" he says. "Ahem! Ahem!" Then, sepulchrally, "Beee-e-e-ee- Yo-o-o-o-o-ooo!"

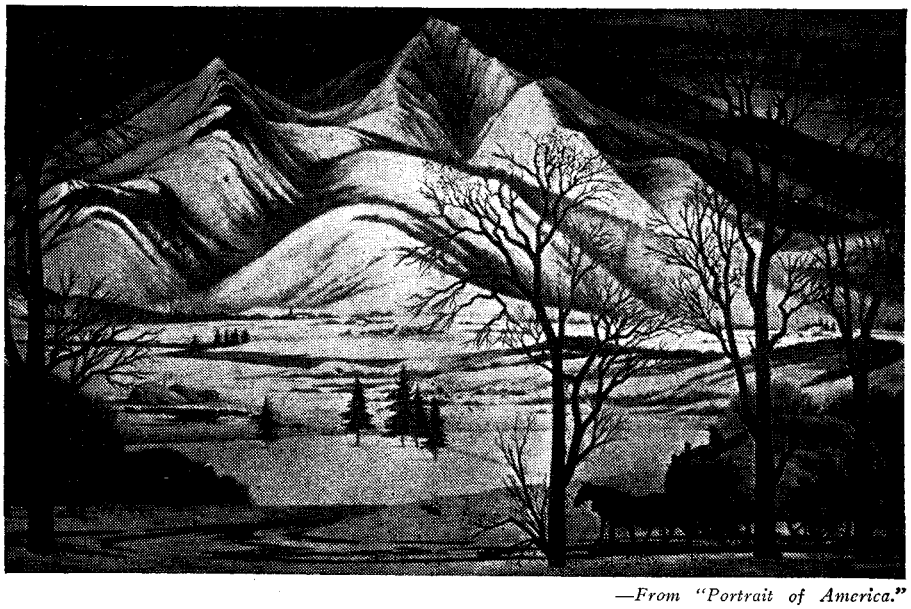
For a moment he is still, but only for a moment. "How far is it to Stockton?" he says. "Oi-i-i-i-i-i-iiiiiiiinnnnnggg!" A plane spins and crashes, a machine gun nest opens up, bullets ricochet around the wagon. Page takes his mouth from the megaphone long enough to ask, "What time is it?" (He is good for this question every twenty minutes all day.)

He crawls over everyone to look at Dave's wrist watch. Then he puts his horn out the window and fixes his face. "Ladies and gentlemen! *Ahem!* B.O. Plenty. Be-e-e-e-e-e-eeeee Yo-o-o-o-o-oooo! *Skreeeeeeeennnnnnk!* Ka-*powie!* Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! I gotcha!"

He swings his megaphone inside suddenly, pokes it in Miriam's eye, assumes a look and a tone that are serious, preoccupied, wistful. "When's Christmas?" he says.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" I say. "Ahem!" I give him the long strong doubletalk of a father pretending to

(*Continued on page* 47)



—*From "Portrait of America."*

"Mountains in Snow," a Colorado scene, by Jenne and Ethel Magafan.

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MINISTERIAL CORN

WE paid another visit last week to our friend the Connecticut farmer. It was Sunday and we strolled around the place observing active signs of life in rose bushes prodded by a stubbornly persevering summer into doing an abbreviated off-season encore.

It will be recalled that on our previous visit our host was concerned with the failure of the Episcopal and the Presbyterian Churches to come together in the organic union proposed by both groups. Today, he was still on the subject of religion.

"For about two months now I've been going to different churches," he said. "No, I'm not shopping around for a new affiliation or a different approach to God. I'm still an Episcopalian, even though I admit we may seem a little too ready at times to act as His proxy or take up options in His name.

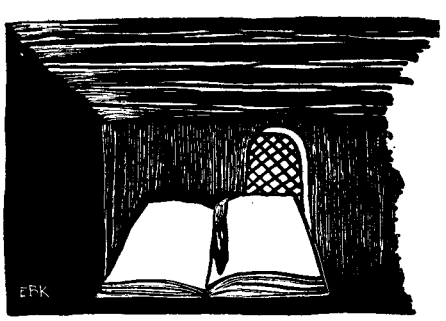
"The real reason for my Sabbath visits—I suppose I must have been to the services of at least a dozen denominations—is that I've been anxious to do some scouting and sampling. For a long time, I've had some notions as to why so many people stay away from the churches—including those people who list themselves as members but who never show up. One of my theories concerns the ministers themselves—not all ministers by any means, but enough to make my theory hold water. My theory is that too many ministers can officiate but not preach. The Sunday sermon in too many cases has become little more than an endurance feat for those who have to sit through it.

"To begin with, consider the technique. When you listen to a man, you expect him to sound like a man and not like a stop on an Estey organ. Those sepulchral sing-song effects never really come off. You get the feeling that so much time and effort go into polishing up the sound track that there's hardly anything left for the meaning. You almost feel as though you're expected to judge the spiritual value of a sermon by the tonal vibrations.

"No, I'm not subversive and you needn't look at me as though I just hung a picture of the Madonna upside down. I'm no latitudinarian either; just someone who feels that Churchgoers have a right to expect a lot more than they've been getting from many of their appointed religious leaders.

"Now, you're in the literary business, and if a writer turned in his copy full of repetitious sentences and paragraphs which were starved for want of periods anyway; if the article creaked because it was put together so awkwardly; if it had so many tortured constructions and grammatical errors that you would put down your editor's pencil in sheer defeat—well, suppose a writer turned in this kind of copy, what would you do?

"Let me press this further. Let's assume for the sake of argument that the structure or grammar of the article before you was satisfactory. Let's assume that what concerned you was the story or the message itself. And what if the story suffered from a superabundance of—and I suppose there is no better term for it—ministerial corn. By ministerial corn I mean just what is meant by corn when used to describe anything so trite that the idea is suffocated by the groaning familiarity of the sound itself. Anything really important can always be expressed in fresh terms, but what if this article succeeded only in arguing against itself because its ideas and images were as flat as they were anemic?



"Well, suppose a writer turned in this kind of copy, what would you do? Would you feel obligated to print it just because the author was ordained? I doubt it. Would you feel irreligious if you didn't like it? I doubt it. Would you feel any less respectful toward the Deity because you turned it down? I doubt it. You would probably exonerate God and blame it on the ordainee himself.

"That's my chief point. For the last few months, I've been visiting Church services of almost every denomination, trying to find out whether it was only my own minister or the ministers I listen to on the radio who affected me this way. Here and there I've been delighted and encouraged to find ministers who had something to say and who weren't afraid to say it simply and directly, and who didn't feel they wouldn't be listened to if they didn't peal it out.

"But in far too many cases, I found a heavy artillery in oratory combined with a blank cartridge in ideas. I found too many ministers discussing world affairs with enough certainty but not enough knowledge—judging not only from the facts selected or omitted, but from the way in which they were put together as a basis for conclusions.

"I had no objection when at the end of their sermons they would refer the issues and the problem to God; but I couldn't help feeling we wouldn't do ourselves any harm if now and then we could also convince God we knew what we were talking about."

N. C.

An Oriole

By Cecil Hemley

THIS poem springs from a moment that was not grasped
When chill in the garden, feeling the damp twilight,
And smoking a cigarette, I saw an oriole

That suddenly rose from the bush to the telegraph
Wires—remembering it is beyond the literal flash
Of the obscure darks and golds which were never sure,

Erasing these present moments of men in a room,
Talking across typewriters, large in their occupation
Of space, sprawling and dissident, until perhaps

They too shall become poems which the mind can
Digest, after its fashion, cutting away the extraneous
And knowing them where they no longer exist.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Critic Criticized

SIR: It is impossible to permit the comment by Robert W. Smith of Minneapolis on Dr. Louis Ridenour's review of "The Atomic Revolution" (*SRL*, Sept. 7), to pass unnoticed. Even if Mr. Smith's opinion of his own mental acumen as stated in his second paragraph is accurate, the fact remains that Robert D. Potter's book *is* written down a good bit further than is either necessary or desirable, and it does contain many serious errors of fact, probably several more than the thirty-three mentioned in Ridenour's review.

In view of the crucial nature of the problem of informing the public regarding the power of nuclear fission and its implications, it seems only fair that some effort be made by reviewers to steer readers onto the best available books, and away from those which by Mr. Smith's own confession contain speculations on an infantile level. As for the "bilious, ranting" tone of the review, let me assure Mr. Smith that an entirely different view of this was taken by a number of men rather well qualified to adjudge the matter.

Indeed, I am far more inclined to accept Ridenour's dismissal of the Potter book than Mr. Smith's attack on the review itself. For one thing, it cannot matter greatly what Mr. Smith thinks of Dr. Ridenour, but it definitely does matter how accurately the stamp of approval is placed on efforts to popularize such a vital subject. Newspapers and periodicals are already all too full of sensation mongering efforts to cash in on the current public interest in recent scientific developments, and it is surely not too early to suggest that persons active in scientific fields give the public who must inevitably bear the cost of ignorance, the benefit of a considered opinion on such works as Mr. Potter's.

Let me recommend to Mr. Smith some of the excellent books mentioned or reviewed by Dr. Ridenour, or some of the recent editorials appearing in *Astounding Science Fiction* or *Air Trails Pictorial* magazines, written by Mr. John W. Campbell, Jr., or Mr. Campbell's book on the subject, soon to appear under the Henry Holt imprint.

L. JEROME STANTON.

New York, N. Y.

Sound and Association

SIR: Sir Max Beerbohm is undoubtedly a corrective to people who follow the line of Mr. Funk and appraise the intrinsic beauty of words. Many years ago Professor Tolman of the University of Chicago worked out what was almost a system of fitting the emotional colors of the consonant and vowel sounds to the subject matter. Thus, he thought that the intrinsic character of the vowel sound "oo" made "gloom" the word that not only represented the idea of something nearing darkness but presented it more or less directly. His essay sounded very persuasive, but some critic asked how about the flowers that bloomed in the spring—they were not necessarily darkening.

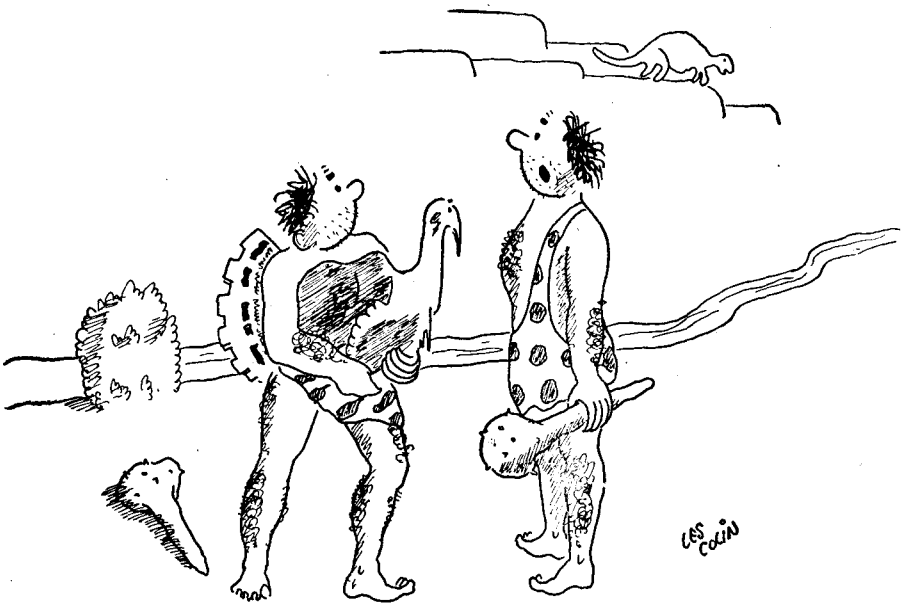
On the other hand, the utterance of a word is a matter of muscular movement, of efforts undertaken in the vocal apparatus. And a beautiful word, intrinsically, may be one that is enunciated with ease, and by a sort of tendency toward onomatopoeia, such words are associated with pleasant ideas. Possibly we are more likely to notice this in languages not our own. Thus I came upon a word that was new to me the other day, in reading a Swedish novel. It is "fylgia." It seemed a beautiful word in itself, and its meaning is "a guardian spirit." On the other hand, the first time, in Swedish reading, you meet "skryt" you feel that it must mean something unpleasant—and it does mean "boasting."

However, if association of ideas is not the basis of all this it is at least a controlling factor. A South American poet who came over the border and after a time began to write in English told me that he thought English was just as euphonious a language as Spanish. The first English word he ever heard spoken, he said, he heard in a saloon near the Mexican border. That word was "cuspidor." At the time, he said he liked not only the pure sound but the image the word conveyed to his Spanish-American mind: peak of gold. When I once told the peak of gold story to Walter de la Mare he remarked that, as far as that went, the synonym for cuspidor was also a beautiful word: "spittoon."

While we are at it we might wonder if the alleged intrinsic beauty of words is to be sought altogether in their sound or partly in their visual shape. Thus Lascelles Abercrombie, in arguing against the adoption of phonetic spelling, remarks that although we pronounce "ghastly" as "gastly" the word would be ruined for poetic (or expressive) purposes if it were spelled that way. For the "h," though we do not utter it, is a signal to us of a sort of check in the ongoing of the word. It holds us back for a split hundredth of a second, just as the sight of something ghastly would check our steps. And therein is its poetic virtue.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

Cambridge, Mass.



"Let's not kill him. We'd have to make it a national holiday. Somebody would invent the calendar. They'd divide the week into working days, and bang! . . . First thing you knew—civilization!"

Alfred Stieglitz

SIR: Since I am now preparing a special issue of *Twice a Year* to be devoted to Alfred Stieglitz, America's foremost photographer and pioneer in introducing modern art to America, who died July 13, 1946, I am desirous of including those of his letters or passages therefrom that might be of general interest. Would you, therefore, be good enough to include this request in your letter columns? I would like to assure those who might be kind enough to respond that all material received will be carefully respected and returned at the earliest possible moment.

DOROTHY NORMAN.

509 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Hymns of Hate

SIR: Who will hymn the hymners?
Hymner of hate I would maroon
On isle devoid of tree or herb
Who 'gainst his language turns poltroon
And makes "petard" a verb—

E. P. DOWNING.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: My writhing soul grows bored and weariéd
With him who cackles "That's all —*period!*"

S. H. A.

New Hope, Pa.

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Seeing Things

ENGLISH LAUGHTER—PAST AND PRESENT

PAINFUL as it may sound for a playgoer to have his attention "riveted," he is in infinitely greater pain when it is left "unriveted." I utter this lament knowledgeably. It was as one of the "unriveted" that I sat before "Present Laughter,"* watching Clifton Webb struggle with a part written of Noel Coward, by Noel Coward, and for Noel Coward.

Had Mr. Coward been present, snapping at the Coward consonants as precisely as he alone can do, I might have been deceived into finding this Mayfair version of a Palais Royal farce enjoyable entertainment. I know I missed Mr. Coward, not in scene after scene but in syllable after syllable. I missed him as much as all of us would miss the Lunts had we, with properly high hopes, gone to see them in "O Mistress Mine" and been confronted with a pair of understudies.

I could hear Mr. Coward polishing by his mere delivery lines which, as spoken by Clifton Webb, were clearly left unwritten. I could see him, too, as, spruce, brittle and self-assured, he granted a redeeming authority to this nonsensical moment or that. Indeed, I was made constantly aware of how Mr. Coward could have served the cider we were getting so that we might have mistaken it for champagne.

However, with Mr. Webb on hand or under foot, functioning as Mr. Coward's supposed stand-in, and with the performances in general (save for those of Evelyn Varden and Grace Mills) of a competence encountered as a rule in summer theatres, I found my attention gypsying. Nay, more than wandering by cart through foreign fields, I discovered it was journeying without benefit of rockets almost to the environs of the moon.

Accordingly, I sought to while away the long evening by such diversionary tactics as thinking of other things. The technique can claim no novelty. Every theatregoer has employed it in the manly art of self-defense at one time or another.

Although my body was a prisoner in C-101, my mind was free. Perhaps not without reason, since I was in the presence of a Noel Coward play which I was not enjoying and had a few weeks earlier seen a revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan" which I did enjoy, I began to ruminate upon the course followed by modern English comedy in general, and upon the contributions of Oscar Wilde, Somerset Maugham, and Mr. Coward in particular. At any rate, I did this except when interrupted by the intermissions.

—Vandamm.

Noel Coward's characters "have for the most part won their place because of their talents, unabetted by their morals."

These three men, said I to myself said I, have without question been the outstanding representatives the Comic Muse has known in Albion during the last fifty years. Different as each is from the other, all of them have been uncommonly gifted.

As may go without saying, their versatility is not the only feature they share in common. The three of them have been runners in the relay race of sophisticated laughter. Each has started where the other left off, running a different course over the same track. If their courses have been different, it is because the three of them have been faithful not only to themselves but, without meaning to be so, to the manners and assumptions of the different periods for which they have spoken.

Suddenly two lines from "A Woman of No Importance" popped into my itinerant mind. I mean the ones when Lord Illingworth says to Mrs. Allonby, "The Book of Life begins with a man and woman in a garden," and Wilde has her reply, "It ends with Revelations."

It is a terrible sin to take light things seriously; a sin if for no other reason than that killing pleasure is a form of murder which, alas, usually goes unpunished. Had I found pleasure in "Present Laughter," I perhaps would not now be guilty of this crime.

The revelations made by Wilde, Maugham, and Coward in their flimsiest concoctions began all at once to interest me. Playdreaming as I was, I indulged in the kind of fantasy encouraged by this atomic age. Why this age? Because unconsciously the starting point of my thoughts was mass destruction.

Suppose all the other records of English society (in the Mayfair sense) during the past half century were destroyed, I wondered. What sort of portrait of British manners would be painted by the plays of these three men? Could not a surprisingly accurate notion of what had happened in a very special world in those fifty years be obtained merely from the evidence supplied by their comedies? Certainly, not one of these men meant to function as a grave social historian. Yet, in spite of themselves, each has had his fascinating disclosures to make in the midst of (perhaps because of) his gilded nonsense.

As comic dramatists, Wilde, Maugham, and Coward are, of course, as different as the three societies of which they wrote. The first storm warning of these differences would be recognizable in their photographs, were these to be included in their excavated works.

IN Wilde a future student would see a fan resembling a bloated Greek statue; an overfed Alcibiades carved not in marble but in library paste. Even the dullest archeologist, looking at Wilde's picture, would spot him as a complete hedonist—soft, heavy-lidded, comfortable, and conceited, with his nerves insulated by too much flesh.

Were ocean liners still in use when my imaginary student retrieved a photograph of Mr. Maugham, he might conclude, here is a man who could have been a ship's doctor—the kind of ship's doctor who never leaves the smoking room for the air and the sun of the decks outside. The costume has changed since Wilde's day. The velvet coat has given way to the sack suit. The poseur has gone; the arrogance vanished. This is a businessman of letters. His is a wise face; cynical, tight-lipped, far more nervous than

* PRESENT LAUGHTER, *a comedy by Noel Coward. Directed by John C. Wilson. Setting by Donald Oenslager. Presented by Mr. Wilson. With a cast including Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, Marta Linden, Jan Sterling, Grace Mills, and Cris Alexander. At the Plymouth Theatre.*

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Alice Tobin, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • David Burns • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Smash COMEDY Hit by...
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
★ New York—Hudson Theatre
★ Chicago—Blackstone Theatre
★ San Francisco—Curran Theatre

"A MUSICAL SPARKLER"—Walter Winchell
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Smash Hit Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
IN NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE
41st St. West of B'way. Mats. Wed. and Sat.
and ON TOUR
PHILADELPHIA—SHUBERT THEA., Nov. 18-30
BOSTON—SHUBERT THEATRE, Opens Dec. 2
"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

"Immortal - Grand - Magnificient"
—Chapman, News
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave.
2 Perf. Sat. & Sun.—2:30-8:30

Wilde's, with eyes that are piercingly alert. It is a sad and disenchanted face. Plainly it belongs to someone who has dared to look upon the Medusa's head of human misbehavior without blinking and with a clinical interest.

THE same archivist coming upon a snapshot of Mr. Coward would again be bound to note a difference. As he studied Coward's picture, he would see the wizened head of an Eton boy set on a body made of chopsticks. Perhaps he would wonder where the Buster Brown collar was. He would notice at once that Coward had fed on a more meager diet than Wilde. He would sense a personality dapper, debonair, and patent-leather bright; a man who was a dynamo of nerves rather than a bundle of them. He could not help observing that Coward's face was at the same time haggard and ageless, merry and sad, scornful and eager; in fact, so volatile that it would have to belong to an actor.

These three photographs would, of course, be mere prologues to the disclosures provided by the texts themselves. The changes—more precisely, the steady and bloodless revolution—which England has undergone during the past fifty years would be reflected in the most light-hearted works of the three men. Their every smiling irrelevance, when so scrutinized, would take on an unsuspected relevance. All of their plays, as is the way with comedies supposedly genteel, would be found to have dealt with the over-privileged. Yet each dramatist would present a very different image of privilege.

Wilde was the spokesman for that late Victorian England which was already Edwardian; Maugham for Georgian England, the England which preceded the First World War; Coward for the Britain of Windsor and the international set and the years before this last conflict (which, no doubt, explains why much in "Present Laughter" seems dated).

A fairly complete chronicle of the decline of the old aristocracy and the emergence of the new is to be found in the comedies of the three men. What starts as Burke's "Peerage" in Wilde ends up in Coward as straight Bohemia. The *haut monde* gradually gives way to the demi-monde; the castle to the café; the peerage to the professional. The stately homes in England little by little lose their stateliness and dwindle into flats or studios. The characters belong less and less to the so-called "Great World" and more and more to the general public. Inevitably, their attitudes towards government, education, women,

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
present
"ENCHANTING"—Atkinson, Times
HELEN HAYES
in
"Happy Birthday"
A New Comedy by ANITA LOOS
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40
"ALL TRIUMPHANT!"—Barnes, Her. Trib
ETHEL MERMAN
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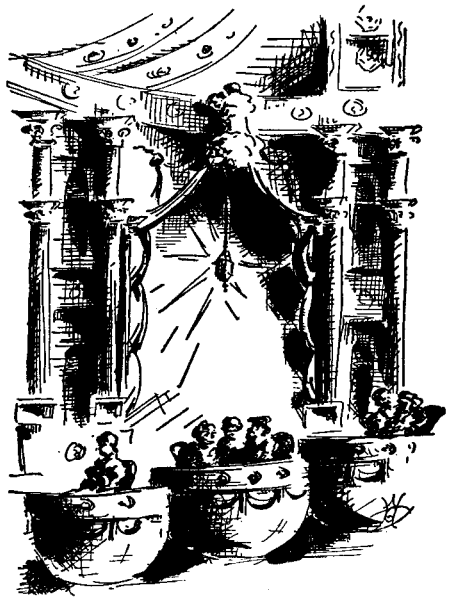
sex, and society undergo drastic alterations.

Wilde wrote as a gentleman born a snob; Maugham as a dispassionate observer; Coward as an actor not only accepted by society but a career man who, because of his gifts, created a society of his own. Wilde's Lord Darlington would feel as out of place with Mr. Coward's Gilda in "Design for Living" or the playwright in "Present Laughter" as Coward's characters would be bored by the oppressive good breeding of Wilde's aristocracy. Maugham's men and women, however, could — and did — shuttle back and forth quite comfortably between the two extremes.

Wilde's ladies and gentlemen were born rich, though not necessarily richly endowed save as conversationalists. Maugham's, whether commoners or nobility, were often adventurers and adventuresses forced to live by their wits. Coward's characters, on the other hand, have for the most part won their place because of their talents, unabetted by their morals.

As realism, Wilde's plays can no more be taken seriously than the entrance of the Peers in "Iolanthe" which, at many moments, they closely resemble. Unintentionally, however, Wilde, like his laughing successors, was as much a social historian as



Galsworthy. When Wilde wrote, the House of Lords, in spite of all his jests at its expense, was a dominant body in English politics. Although protests against it were already familar, it still spoke for the then sovereign power of the British aristocracy.

Very few commoners presumed to stray into Wilde's best known dramas. Even such fallen women as gained admittance to them were apt to be related by marriage to the peerage. His were mainly titled people who felt they were entitled to everything. They lived a life as undisturbed (except by the plot) as only the ruling class of a mighty empire could enjoy after a fabulously prosperous century and before its self-assurance was shaken by the Boer War. In Maugham this overweening assumption of the prerogatives of privilege has almost ceased to exist. By Coward's time it has disappeared entirely, save where the egotism of artists has replaced the arrogance of aristocrats. What was once as tranquil as it seemed secure has turned into a nervous uncertainty, frequently bordering on hysteria and rejoicing in a sense of the "lost generation."

The talents Wilde admits in women are few. Of course, he endows them with his own mastery of the epigram. He also recognizes their biological usefulness in bearing little baronets before the first curtain has risen. Thereafter he limits their unpredatory activities either to painting china or writing bad novels (like the governess in "The Importance of Being Earnest") which are fortunately lost.

Maugham's more colorful women are hard-headed practical schemers. Even his shadiest females have to excel as hostesses if they are to succeed. Like Wilde's, many of his men are in politics. The difference is that they are apt to do their talking in the House no less than out of it.

Coward's people are quite different. They are in the main artists, actresses, playwrights, journalists, and musicians. If they have no other gifts, they possess a high talent for domestic quarrels and a genius for separation, though frequently they are less endowed so far as marriage is concerned. They are transients in domesticity and strangers to propriety.

In no way are the figures in the plays of Wilde, Maugham, and Coward more sharply contrasted than they are in their attitudes towards newspapers. Wilde's characters may buy the *Times* (and read the *Morning Post*), but they dread to read about themselves in a newspaper. Theirs is what in Washington was recently known as a passion for anonymity. It is one of their few passions.

Maugham's men and women are already newspaper-conscious. The old taboos of Edwardian gentility are disappearing. In "Our Betters" we are told that "at Lady Grayston's you are in the very hub of society. I don't

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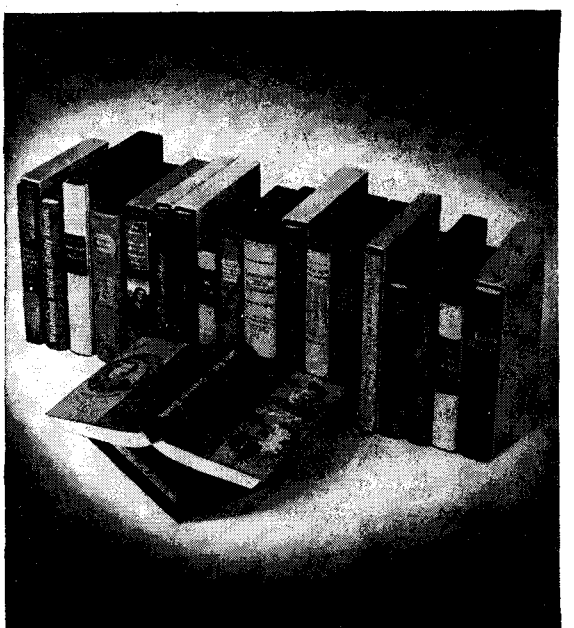

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mean the stuffy, old-fashioned society that goes about in barouches and bores itself stiff, but the society that counts, the society that figures in the newspapers." In Coward's comedies the professionals who inhabit them have no other choice, as dramatists or actresses, than to desire to see their names in print. Publicity is their need. They feed upon it and are fed by it. Hence they wait for their reviews to appear, however much they may scoff while reading them.

No change is perhaps more revealing in the plays of the three men than the varying esteem in which America is held. To Wilde the United States was an uncouth, savage, overlarge country. On the subject he was nothing if not patronizing. Americans offered him one of the most reliable of his jokes. Maugham's respect for us was greater. His Londoners may still have wanted us to be the fantastic people they liked to imagine. But his American heiresses had already gone in for that Mayfair-Fifth Avenue forerunner of Lend-Lease whereby they offered their fortunes in exchange for British titles. Coward's professionals are as at home in America as they are in Britain. The Atlantic has shrunk, and the old Colonial attitude (still insufferably present in "Middle East Diary") has gone underground.

All comedies of manners are games played against nature in a drawing room or its equivalent. The real point of their joke, as John Palmer once noted, is that man is pretending to be civilized. "The elaborate ritual of society is a mask through which the natural man is comically seen to look."

From Wilde's time to Coward's this joke, like everything else, has altered. It has altered if for no other reason than that so many of Coward's characters make no pretense of being civilized, in the Wildean sense. They are hilarious rebels from society's elaborate ritual. That is one of the sources of the pleasure they usually give. They remain comic characters, but they have misplaced their manners. Oddly enough, though their gifts have increased, their minds seem less sharp. Perhaps one of the surest manifestations of their "nerves" is that they substitute nonsense—delectable as it can be—for the wit of Wilde and the glittering precision of Maugham's mind.

At their best, however inferior that best may be to Wilde's and Maugham's, the comedies of Coward can be taken seriously as social histories. My complaint against "Present Laughter" is that, though it makes every panting effort to be gay, I found it difficult not to be serious in its presence.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Frustrated Females

WOMEN, INC. By Jane Kesnes Morris. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 277 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SOPHIE KERR

THIS is a novel about a group of women working on a group of specialized magazines with the names of *Political Science, Home Economics, Fine Arts, Curriculum, Medical Journal,* and *Chatham Review,* the last a literary quarterly; all are edited and printed in one building and under one management, the Star Press.

The Star Press has a man for general manager and a man typographer and each magazine seems to have a man editor-in-chief, but the managing editor for the group and all the associate editors are women, and so are the circulation manager and head bookkeeper; the last two are older women, set in the office routine, devoted to their work, but the others are young and have youth's dreams and intolerance and unwisdom and emotional questing. They like their jobs but by instinct they fear the narrow confines and lack of a broader future. Some of them are plagued by the wish to do creative writing on their own but find no energy for it when the day's work is over; one longs to be a nurse but hasn't the physical stamina.

The story begins with the taking on of a new editor for the *Review,* a young professor of the local college, "athletic, brown, not a bit like a professor . . . black tousled hair." He smokes a pipe and talks about Kafka and Werfel, Auden and Spender. He has stirring ideas for the *Review;* he will shake it up, make it blaze with intellectual stars. He is married to a blameless quiet wife who loves him and clings to him. The newest associate editor, Beth Peterson, a serious, inexperienced, pretty girl of twenty-one falls deeply in love with him and he with her. The other women in the office look on, understand, and do not judge. And Danny, the charming young assistant to the bookkeeper, falls in love with Beth, too.

There are other love motifs in the book, for nature is ever stronger than printer's ink. Peggy of *Fine Arts* is in love with a doctor; Ione Kelly, guardian of incoming manuscripts, is in love with her husband; Sheilah Dunn, in charge of proof-reading, is in love with recollections of her childhood sweetheart.

The story goes on realistically. A shameful salary cut for poor Minnie Slaten, tragedy for Danny, high moments and final frustration for Beth and the tousle-haired editor, crises over proofs and printing, an office Christmas party complete with tree and presents—through it all is a sense of solidarity of women as women, and this is a fine, sweet part of the book, at times not quite credible. It seems unlikely that any sane managing editor would look with complacency on an open love-affair between one of her staff and the editor-in-chief, and even more unlikely that the staff-member in love would relate its details to that managing editor and the other women in the office.

And speaking as a former worker on a magazine staff, I do refute Mrs. Morris's suggestion that all women office workers have "saffron necks . . . withered in the sun," No, no, Mrs. Morris, not in my day—and not now. Our necks were attractively normal, and from what I see of women office workers' necks today they are still that way and even more so.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. COLERIDGE: The owl hath awakened the crowing cock.
2. FOSS: And be a friend to man.
3. GILBERT: I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical.
4. GOLDSMITH: And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
5. GRAY: And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
6. HOUSMAN: To see the cherries hung with snow.
7. HOVEY: With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.
8. KEATS: When some new planet swims into his ken.
9. LOWELL: All the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.
10. MASEFIELD: And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
11. MILTON: On the light fantastic toe.
12. MOORE: While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.
13. NOYES: The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.
14. POE: Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore.
15. POPE: The proper study of mankind is man.
16. SCOTT: Is worth an age without a name.
17. SERVICE: By the men who toil for gold.
18. SHAKESPEARE: I never wrote, nor no man ever loved.
19. TENNYSON: In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thought of love.
20. THAYER: But there is no joy in Mudville — Mighty Casey has struck out.

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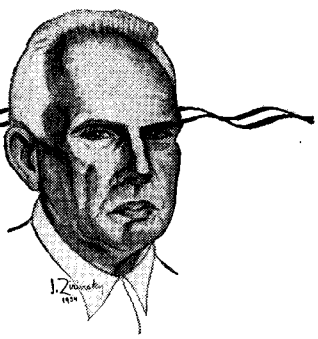

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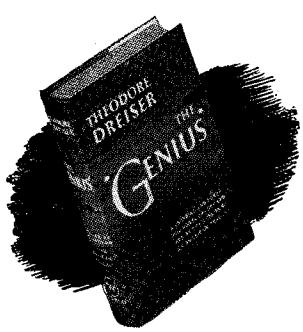

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Fantasy from the "Pulps"

ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE. Edited by Raymond J. Healy and J. Francis McComas. New York: Random House. 1946. 997 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THESE stories all come from the gaudy-covered pulps that jostle Superman comic books on the stands, the majority of them from a single publication. They are the fairy-tales of our time, with space-ships whizzing across light years, serums that reduce a man to an atom or step up his I.Q. to 243, and robots that can outthink the Harvard calculator. There is a superficial resemblance between them and their comic-strip neighbors in the permission tacitly accorded the author to transcend human limitations; the chief obvious difference is that they are told in words instead of pictures for an audience only a bit more literate than that which reads the comic strips.

It is deceptive. The test was made of submitting the volume to two editors, one with a distinguished record in the slick field, the other long and intimately connected with a book publishing house of high standing. Both of them would a little rather be found taking pennies out of a blind man's box than read a pulp under normal circumstances, and probably only the respectability of board covers induced them to submit to the experiment. The magazine man's eye fell on L. Sprague de Camp's "Blue Giraffe." Afterward, he sat silent for a couple of minutes and then said, "If the pulps are printing things like this, they are getting more distinguished fiction than the slicks."

That was, of course, an unspecific vote of confidence. Part of the reason behind it was supplied by the other editor's comment after he had read Isaac Azimov's "Nightfall." It is an extremely able study in the mass and individual psychology of fear, laid on a planet circling in a distant star-cluster where six suns have never left it dark during the advance of man from barbarism. Now the permutations have run out; all the suns are going down at once and it will be dark over a land where no one has learned to make an artificial light.

The editor halted sharply at a point where an electrician is called in to repair some piece of apparatus in the story. How could even an intelligence fundamentally alien to our own make use of electricity without discovering that it could supply light and heat, he demanded. The criticism is a valid one, and it is exactly the type of objection most frequently made by habitual readers of pulp fantasy, who are very particular about technical errors as distinguished from technical assumptions. Beyond this, it demonstrates that science fiction has its own rigors; that in escaping the boundaries of normal time and space, the writers of this type of literature have widened their range indeed, but increased rather than lessened their artistic obligation.

This is not a fairy story, where consistency is unnecessary, where coincidence intervenes and virtue is always triumphant against any odds. Only a single assumption, or set of assumptions, is permitted to the author. He is allowed to conceive of a world in which two individuals live in symbiosis in a single body, and that this race has built a space-ship that reaches the earth (Raymond F. Jones's "Correspondence Course"); but everything else in the story must flow clearly and logically from this set of assumptions, there may be no coincidence, no second race with another set of devices—not in that story, anyway.

All the stories in this volume, except for the error of Mr. Azimov, meet this canon; and, as a matter of fact, it is no more than the commonly accepted canon of good fiction everywhere. The result of setting good fiction free from the limitations of the visible world is not only that it can predict the atom bomb and V-2 (these were long commonplace in the pulps) with astonishing accuracy; but also that a whole range of thematic material is opened up. The science-fiction pulps are as of today the only magazines in which can be discussed such questions as — Is protoplasmic life the final form? ("Farewell to the Master," by Harry Bates)—Is it possible to maintain a free intellect in a mechanical civilization? ("The Weapons Shop," by A. E. Van Vogt)—Is time a dimension or a reality? ("By His Bootstraps," by Anson MacDonald).

In other words, when we really get down to cases, when we discuss the mainsprings that keep human beings in movement, basic issues, only two sources have anything to say. One of them is the pulpit, which approaches all questions from a basis of received opinion. The other, the only genuinely free method of expression today, is the fiction of the pulp magazines.

Incidentally, the comment of the magazine editor referred to above is also true. The thirty-five stories in this volume are extremely good fiction on any basis.

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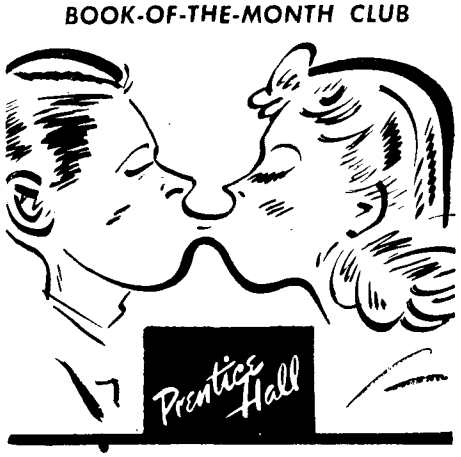

Pale Echo

MIRRORS OF THE FIRE. Poems and Translations. By Bernard D. N. Grebanier. Boston: The Mosher Press. 1946. 124 + *xiv pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GUSTAV DAVIDSON

FROM the informative jacket of this book one learns that Mr. Grebanier is a professor of English at Brooklyn College. He is also, according to the same source, a pianist, a gardener, a cook, and—by his own admission—a poet. While he seems to excel in everything he sets his hand to, he believes he is destined for the highest honors in poetry. Of the work already produced (he is the author of a previous volume, "Fauns, Satyrs, and a Few Sages") he has no hesitancy in proclaiming it "noble in every line," "astounding," "sublime," etc. Incurably optimistic, we prepared ourselves for a feast and turned to the book.

After plodding through it, from the opening blank-verse dialogue entitled "Pilate and Claudia" to the translations from the Latin and French at the end, we came away famished—and convinced that Professor Grebanier is mistaken in taking the poetic muse seriously. As far as he is concerned, World War I and World War II (and, for that matter, all other conflicts that have torn the world apart for generations) might never have occurred, for Grebanier is obsessed with the classic past (too frequently with his own), in celebration of which he has trotted out all the old clichés which, we had supposed, had gone to their eternal and much deserved rest. Here, all over again, are the stock inversions and elisions, the conventional symbols and imagery, the rhetorical conceits and superannuated rhymes. A few samplings will suffice. This is from an eight-line exercise in verse called "Our Yesterdays":

> When night is done, and larks arise
> To sing, we're born anew each day:
> And yesterday's most cherished prize
> Once won, must go its mortal way.

From a piece called "The Amarous Pedagogue":

> Then you, my love, pray ope your arms
> To me!

And here is a quatrain called "My Love Asleep":

> You sleep, my lovely flower, a silken sleep;
> Would I forever sleepless watch might keep
> And hover o'er your lids, and gently dip
> Like humming-bird, the honey from your lip.

For a man well on in years, Professor Grebanier is still, curiously enough, the pastoral adolescent apostrophizing or abjuring lady loves of sundry shapes and ages. In subject matter, style, and treatment, he is a pale echo of the British bards he teaches in class. But in imitating them he has mistakenly taken their faults for virtues. He asks, pertinently, in "Moot Point":

> Which are worse? [*sic*]
> Wretched viands which we dine on?
> Limping quatrains which all sense deface?

We, also, would like to know.

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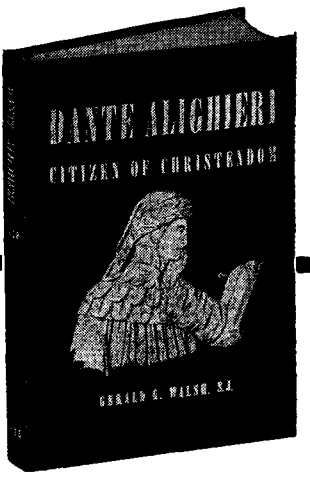
CRADLED IN THUNDER. By Matthea Thorseth. Seattle, Wash.: Superior Publishing Co. 1946. 351 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is a fine, original novel, written with affectionate but unsentimental understanding of the Norwegians and their customs; and it is written, too, with rich, resplendent style and spirited humor. The characters are first of all human beings, only incidentally immigrants bewildered, disillusioned, or exhilarated in a strange new land. The central character, Gunnar Gunnarson, belongs in the grand tradition of fiction—an unstable viking of the plains, electric with what Shaw calls the "Life Force," boastful, lustful, courageous, vigorous, often stupid, sometimes cruel and overbearing, but never dull and never long without his saving humor. His long-suffering and humble wife, his many children, his neighbors—all possess convincing reality. Although much happens, there is little or no "plot"—the Gunnarsons age as the children grow up, slough off Old-Country customs, launch themselves one by one in an exciting, changing age. This is not a success story, nor are the Gunnarsons—except in their troll-fed imaginations—giants in the earth; but they come close to being the salt of the earth, and one is richer for knowing them.

The author maintains successfully a strange vernacular that threatens in the first few pages to become euphuistic and tiresome, but it never does. Just enough of the Norwegian idioms and phrases are translated literally to give a gay and poetic freshness to the language. Throughout is an odd, restrained lyricism, as though a rigid Norse discipline would permit no bravura, no soaring.

Unlike Rölvaag, Matthea Thorseth has no "mission," no crusade. She is not distressed when the second generation of Scandinavians seem to be lured by a showy, mechanical civilization and become indifferent to the rich ethnic Old-World culture that could save them from tawdriness and shallowness; in fact, in the liberating atmosphere of the New World, the young Gunnarsons may be achieving a richer, more balanced life and culture than that of their narrowly religious, custom-bound elders. To her, people are far greater than environment; the priceless experience of living is almost overwhelming in itself. "Cradled in Thunder" is a warm, cheerful, and intelligent book that deserves many readers.



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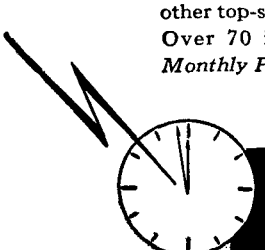

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Distinguished Books for Christmas

IN last week's Treasure Chest I quoted a passage from Paul Hazard's **Books, Children and Men** about the sure instinct and determination with which children seize upon what is theirs in the world of books. Professor Hazard, a member of the French Academy, wrote, in the volume from which the quotation was taken, what is, so far as I am aware, the most delightful and discerning book that we have on the subject of children's reading. It deserves to be far better known and more widely distributed than it is. It was published by ***The Horn Book*** in Boston, **that magazine which has done so much for the cause of children's books.** —DONALD ADAMS in *The New York Times Book Review, July 14*

Books, Children and Men, by Paul Hazard, translated by Marguerite MacKellar Mitchell. **Price, $3.00.**

This is the Christmas, by Ruth Sawyer.
A Serbian folk-tale, perfect for reading aloud, and charming to look at with its decorations adapted from peasant embroidery designs in red, and with green and silver snowflake endleaves. **Price, $1.50.**

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The **Christmas issue** of ***The Horn Book Magazine*** is ready, too, with special articles on the just published ***Tale of Beatrix Potter*** by Margaret Lane. Miss Lane herself relates her experiences in collecting material for this "book of the year," and Marcia Dalphin reviews it.

Also in the Christmas Issue:

Sunshine and Adobe Christmas, by Elizabeth Willis DeHuff
Christmas festivities in New Mexico—a colorful description of the ceremonies.

Christmas at Huckleberry Mountain, by Lois Lenski
The winner of this year's Newbery Medal describes an afternoon with mountain children at their tiny library in North Carolina.

Along the Road to Childhood, by Margaret Warren Brown
This issue of *The Horn Book* contains as usual a fine list of the best new books for children; Mrs. Brown's article will remind many readers of the older favorites which are still given a joyous reception by children.

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AMERICA'S NO. 1 PUBLIC UTILITY

(*Continued from page 10*)

writing and complete avoidance of interpretation is largely gone. The press is bewildered, as well it may be, by the question, "What *is* objectivity?" There is danger of a very serious loss in this trend. The public should understand.

FACT SIX—"Editorials no longer have any influence." The accusation goes to the supposed timidity, the fear of offending anybody, of editorial writing nowadays. Actually, there is probably more intelligent editorial writing today than ever before. For two reasons, however, there is need for study of

editorials at the proper levels in schools, including evaluation of shallowness, obscurity, inaccuracy, and pure poison. It should eventually produce more appreciation of the editorial which goes deeper than partisan claptrap or the clichés of classes. And it should force all us editors to higher standards while also perhaps forcing some publishers to allow editors a little of the luxury of having standards.

One thing which creation of a newspaper-wise public would probably do would be to modify the tradition that demands editorial snap judgments on everything under the sun—snap judgments which involve "taking a line" on the basis of one-tenth of the facts and then sticking to it through pride or prejudice regardless of everything. The newspaper editorial has an obligation to help the public to see things whole.

FACT SEVEN—Nobody knows what to do with or about the columnists. They have become part of the American press for keeps. Some of them contribute spendidly to honest and intelligent debate, to the great job of clarifying. Using them to make sure of presenting opposing viewpoints on real issues (the "battle page" idea) has obvious values especially in local-monopoly areas if done continuously, not merely ahead of elections.

But are there any criteria about columnists? Does the question of press responsibility come in? Is "circulation value" the right test of the interpretative and argumentative column? Should the test be that of actual contribution to unimpassioned public understanding of the reasons behind hot differences of advocacy, or is the column that just adds more heat (or hate) satisfactory? Is the principle of *caveat emptor* an adequate answer to the need of the public for a sense of press responsibility?

FACT EIGHT—The vital concept of press responsibility gets far too little emphasis within the press and practically no effective implementation. Everybody yells for "press freedom," unfettered access to news, and all that. Hardly anybody makes the point with respect to this freedom that is daily made, with relish, about the freedoms claimed by other groups—the point that every freedom carries its balancing and indeed its limiting responsibility. Those outside the press who stress this are commonly looked upon as plotters of the overthrow of American institutions. Those inside the press who do it run the risk of being considered crackpot rebels if not subversive traitors.

The more important the press is conceded to be, and the more truth there is in the conviction that its performance cannot safely be regulated by government, the more obviously urgent it is that the press itself establish standards of responsibility and somehow make them effective. Passing high-minded resolutions annually, resolutions to which nobody pays attention except those who don't need them, is nice exercise but meaningless.

The blunt fact is that some units of our press are so irresponsible except to the prejudices of their controlling private enterprisers that they constitute a grave problem to which the press as a whole refuses to address itself.

All that is said about the vital role of a free press, with access to news everywere, is true. It cannot be overstated, *provided* there are standards of responsibility for truth-speaking that count. The greatest obstacle to faster progress is the existence of a

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An Open Letter to Film Director
ALFRED HITCHCOCK

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THE WIDOW MAKERS is the story of forces of greed and death that gather to outwit these three children. It is the story of the weapons the children use—the only weapons they have—their innocence and integrity. It is the story of how they fulfill their father's mission.

There are a score of scenes here, Mr. Hitchcock, with which you could transfix your audience. For some of the villains are charming people — people who have a way with children, and even love the Green children in their own fashion. And all these scenes of desperate peril take place in the sun, in a rich, "safe" home where the children are leading what is to all appearances a sheltered, normal life.

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press segment that not occasionally, by accident, but regularly and of fixed purpose demands access to news in order to distort. That this segment may profess devotion to truth more stridently than all the rest changes nothing. The weakness is that the rest of the press, a great majority of the units, is aware of this reality but shrinks from its implications.

It is true, for instance, that a free press, functioning under the kind of code that ninety-nine one-hundredths of American newspaper men would be delighted to function under, could contribute enormously to international understanding and therefore to the prospect of peace. But the potency of the press for good is no greater than its potency for evil. And a stream of information, like a community's water supply, can be dangerously polluted by a small proportion of poison.

But can a free press conceivably set reasonable responsibility standards and make them mean anything? It can't, as long as it thinks it can't, as long as it glues its eyes on freedom as a prerogative. Neither could the medical doctors, for that matter. They seem, incidentally, not to have lost a certain individualistic passion for freedom.

"Freedom of the press" is a people's right, for a people's purpose. Pressure from the people, which is impossible without understanding, ought to help a lot.

FACT NINE—While actually spectacular progress has been made in the last twenty years in the competence of news reporting and interpreting, and therefore in the fairness, there are gaps that still need closing.

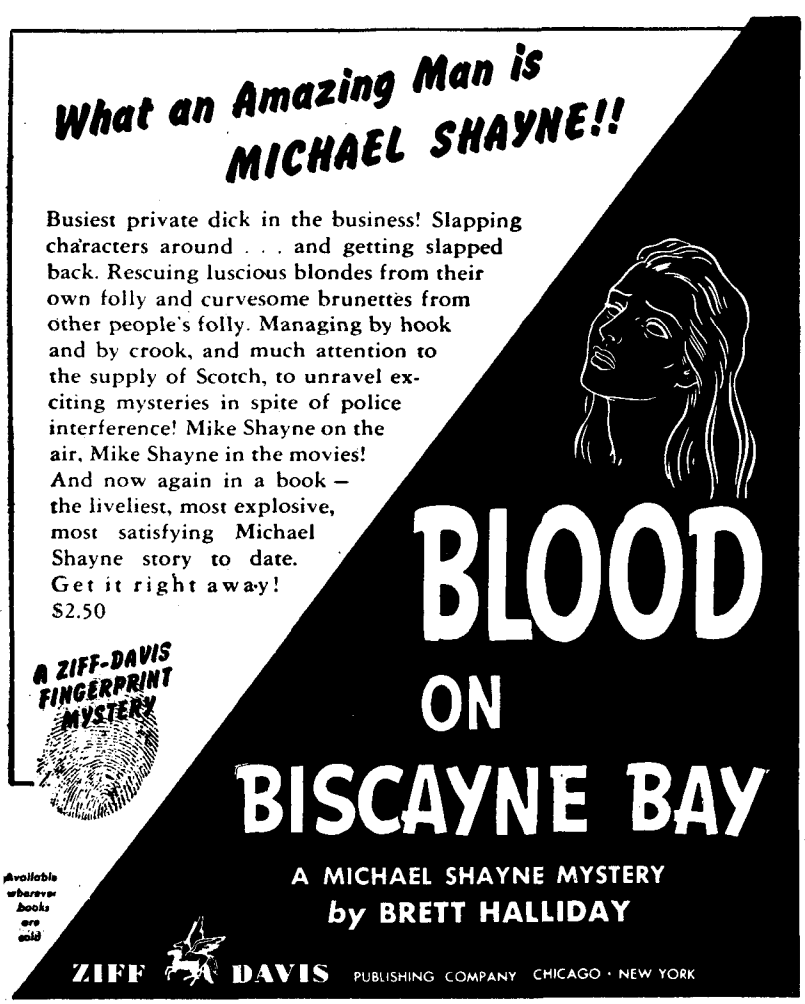
Up to something like a generation ago, just two or perhaps three classes of news were ordinarily handled with high competence by specialists—baseball news, the society column, and perhaps politics. We've come a long way. In the early 1930's not more than a half dozen important American dailies had a single person on their staffs who had the slightest knowledge about the problems of agriculture or the relation of those problems to the rest of us, and not all of the exceptional half-dozen permitted their specialists to influence anything beyond the half-column that they were occasionally given, on a dull day, on a catch-basket page near the want ads. The press associations were about as weak. Today there is exhibited more comprehension in this field, but even today only a small minority of city dailies has fortified its staff with real knowledge about this tremendously important segment of our society, our economy, our politics.

Still less improvement has been effected with respect to able reporting of labor. Most of the improvement that has come about has been not in the individual newspapers but in the press associations. For a long time Louis Stark of *The New York Times* represented the only gesture, at least the only well known one, toward what ought to be general practice—the installing on the staff of every sizable daily newspaper (and the effective using) of a competent, honest, and objective specialist in the handling of labor news. It may be daring or even subversive to suggest it, but news in this field is really as deserving of skilled handling as a "rasslin' match" or a champagne wedding.

To be sure, some of the accusations against the press that appear in labor "organs" are grotesquely bad; nevertheless it is a weak spot and it needs attention.

Smart newspaper publishers or business managers at least annually insist on challenging everything that costs money, making it re-justify itself in terms of direct or indirect contribution to future profits. If enlightened, they are as kind to the indirect as to the direct, the things that make a paper better in the sense of "more acceptable to the buyer."

We need similar challenging of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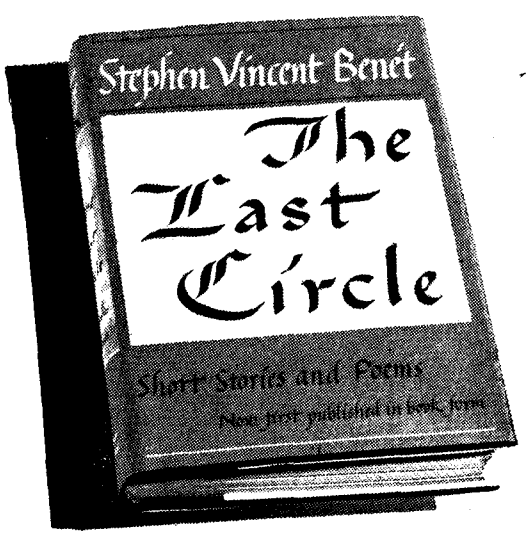

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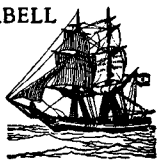

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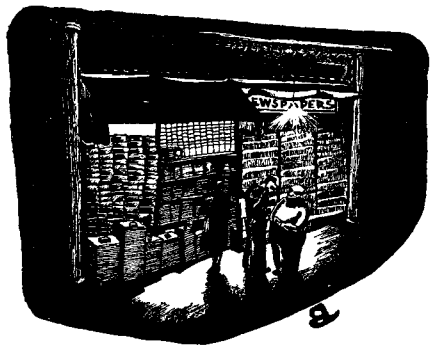

everything related to the doing of our social duty, the acceptance of our responsibility, the justifying of our trusteeship. And, frankly, we don't get it.

A fair number of scattered newspapers could be named that measure up remarkably well. It is appropriate to add that these are the ones most conscious of their own imperfections, least smug and resentful of criticism, most disposed to be Johnny-out-of-step, least reverent toward sacred cows.

Finally, to wrap the whole thing up in one big package, the great job of this American people is to validate in the second half of the twentieth century the complex of goals and working principles that we call democracy. It is impossible without a recapture of meanings, without a pretty well diffused understanding of what it is really all about. It is an almost terrifyingly difficult job of education.

Education is not a segregated responsibility of kindergarten, high school, and (for some) college. It is a cradle-to-grave necessity. The schools are one of our instruments. The press is another. The more we brag about the importance of the press as an institution the more we underline that. The press has habitually been at least generous with its constructive criticism of the schools, too often with little willingness to go to the roots. A reciprocal service ought to be welcomed; and, whether welcomed or not, is needed.

Given a decade or so of that, and it may not be too much to hope that more units of our press will be performing their part of the urgent educational task with a closer approach to adequacy. More units of our press ought in such a period to be made to recognize that the democratic complex *is* a complex—not a simplicity—that it is essentially a workable, because just, equilibrium of forces and principles that pull different ways (which happens to be the basis of every stability in the universe).

More units of the press will recognize, for instance, that democracy (not the Russian kind, by the way, but ours) is vitally dependent on such inherently contradictory concepts as liberty and equality, and on appropriate balance between them in each generation. More of them will be prepared to ask, "What kinds of freedom, in what areas, and for whom? What kinds of equality, in what areas, and for whom?" Fewer will consider that they have done their entire duty educationally when they wrap their arms about one of the elephant's four legs, conclude that the whole elephant is like a tree, and chatter daily about freedom for enterprisers or labor's rights on farm parity or some other single element as if democracy were totally and exclusively that.

Each of these things happens to be authentically a part. But no one aspect is equal to the whole. The duty of the press as educator is not to narrow understanding but to broaden it. To count solely upon economic competition between newspaper publishing enterprises to assure adequate fulfilment of that duty would be naive. External pressure, which can only be effective and can only be *safe* if it be a manifestation of informed public opinion, is essential. If anybody can think of a better way to develop this than to start with the schools, we ought to be told of that way.

W. W. Waymack has just resigned the editorship of the Des Moines Register and Tribune *to accept an appointment by President Truman to the five-man United States Atomic Energy Commission.*

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A Timeless Troubadour

LATE LARK SINGING. By Thomas Augustin Daly. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 61 pp. $2.

Reviewed by TED ROBINSON

TOM DALY is an Old Fashioned poet. His talent burgeoned and his technique was perfected in that naïve period before Modernism was invented. He could write rhymeless and meterless verse, because he can write any kind of verse; but he wouldn't write it, except as parody or burlesque.

So no youngster from an entirely different and alien era can now be trusted to do him justice in a review. I first met Tom Daly in the year "Canzoni" was printed, forty years ago; his vivid personality impressed me no less than his remarkable Italian and Irish dialect verses. Franklin P. Adams and I that summer heard him recite "Padre Dominic" and we both shed tears. Then I discovered that he was skilful in his handling of the "French forms" and other conventional stanzas, and that he was not merely a popular humorous rhymer but a real poet.

And, a half dozen years or so later, he wrote an "Ode to a Thrush" that remains one of the great American poems—intensely personal, like his "Sons of Wedlock," moving, classically dignified.

"Late Lark Singing," characteristic, witty, mostly light, is welcome, though it makes me melancholy. The title (a line from W. E. Henley's poem about death) and the Proem, in which he says that the subtitle might be "Last Lay of the Minstrel," do not accord with the cheerful spirit of the contents. Yet one knows that the poet himself is neither downcast nor sentimental when he proclaims this as his valedictory volume. For his is not only an old-fashioned Muse, but an old-fashioned Faith. He is not one to shed tears over the prospect of retiring from his labors.

All the poems in this collection, by the way, were printed in the author's column in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.* He is still writing that column, and why should he discontinue it? The records show that he is 75 years old, but the records are nonsense. Tom Daly couldn't get old.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SAINT SEES IT THROUGH *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Simon Templar, working with Feds on postwar dope ring, catches clue in New York night club.	Beautiful singer and resourceful Saint dash through typically Templar adventures to grisly climax in which luv and justice triumph.	For Saint fans
THE HARD-BOILED OMNIBUS *Joseph T. Shaw* (Simon & Schuster: $3.)	1929-36 vintage tales by Hammett, Chandler, Coxe, Whitfield, and others all from *Black Mask,* with perceptive introduction by editor Shaw.	Twelve honeys and three turkeys . . . good average. Eye-popping welter of shivs, rods, tommy-guns, mayhem, torture, and mass murder.	Riotous repast of raw meat
DEATH OF A TALL MAN *Frances & Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.)	New York oculist slain in office . . . and Pam North follows police cars' siren song to scene, which doesn't surprise "Loot" Weigand.	Three deaths and almost successful attempt in Manhattan and deepest Westchester find Weigand and Pam arriving at same conclusion simultaneously.	Enjoyable
THE CHINESE DOLL *Wilson Tucker* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Suspicious drowning of Chinese chaufferette for Illinois gambling den gets imaginative private eye Horne into all sorts of trouble.	Horne tells capitally mystifying yarn in letters to gal he loves in spite of all temptations. Payoff is real sockeroo.	Well worth reading
MURDER CAN'T STOP *W. T. Ballard* (McKay: $2.)	Hollywood exec. Lennox, vacationing with nervous friend near tough Western mining town, has corpse dumped in his house, and starts investigating.	Vice-ridden and quick-shooting Skull Lake scene of tough and torrid exploits, with Lennox sleuthing competently amid cyclonic action.	Hard-boiled

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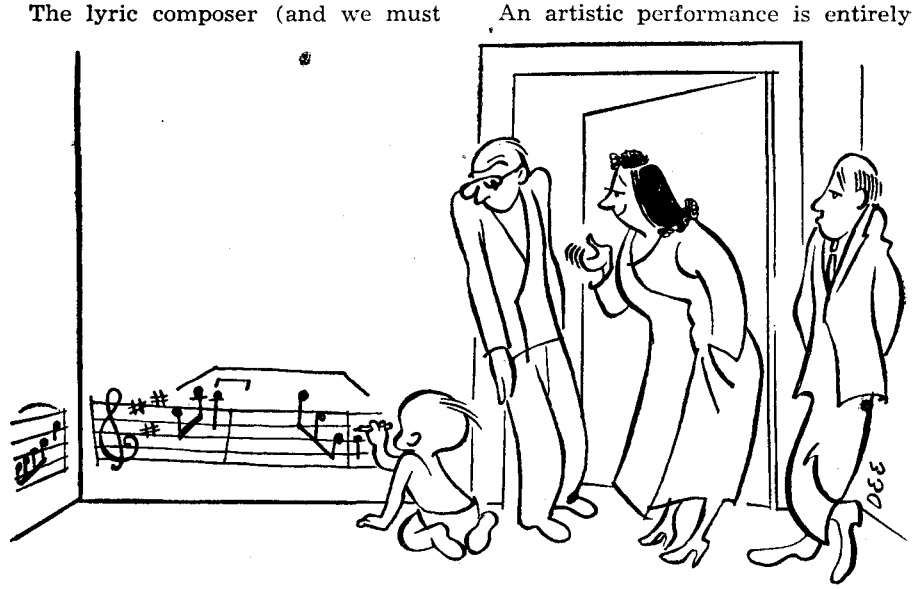
A musical composition, not unlike a poem is entirely different when perused at home and when presented in public in a finished, studied performance. It is almost a new creation which differs from the composer's even though it is not independent of it. One cannot say that the composer has no part in this re-creation, but the result is still other than that envisaged by him, for the performance usually does not figure in his calculations. It is quite different with a concerto, symphony, or a musico-dramatic work, for those were intended for public performance and the composer is always aware of this fact, but solo compositions, especially pure lyricism, does not depend on the platform of the stage and of loud and concrete gestures.

The lyric composer (and we must not forget that our recent music, at least since the romantic era, depends on instrumental lyricism as one of its pillars) does not think in terms of large and scintillating concert halls, he composes his melody and rhythm for an inner, spiritual ear which is more sensitive and understanding, and in the act of creation there are no coarse corporeal sounds to disturb the spiritual tones he conjures up. We do not mean to say that the musical poet's melodies and rhythm are intended for the mind rather than the ear. This would be nonsense; mute music is not music, it consists only of notes, for music does not appeal to the intellect but to the feelings. The reading of the notes is not yet musical enjoyment; on the other hand the audible playing of the notes is not yet performance, re-creation. We are merely playing music for ourselves; we do not intend to communicate it to others. We are not obliged to bring into relief the "meaning" of the work, to unravel its complexities so that others will enjoy it. Such intimate playing at home merely aims to bring to life the mute notes for ourselves; it gives them actual body to our very thorough satisfaction and edification. Still, for those who are not professionals, or who are not familiar with the piece, such playing is often unintelligible. And yet this "reading aloud" of music is perhaps the nearest to the composer's intentions. Composer-performers usually play in this manner. Hence their unsatisfactoriness as interpreters.

An artistic performance is entirely



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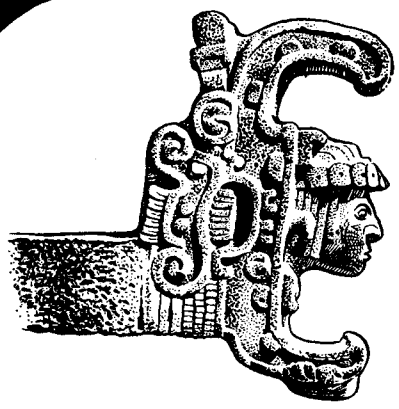
different. The artist performer does not want altogether to renounce the advantages of the unadorned and rather passive reading aloud of music, and he wants to carry over to his listeners all he can of the fine shades and sonorities of the music he plays. But he knows in advance that there are many things he will have to overlook and he is instantly ready to do so. Not all beauty can be effective at the same time: no one can understand, on the first hearing, all the subtleties of poetic music. Many of these subtleties the performer must abandon. On the other hand he is saddled with other serious responsibilities. For he is charged with making his listeners understand, after one fleeting hearing, what the composer intended for slow sipping, for frequent and fervent playing. It is sometimes said that all great music, like all great poetry, is fundamentally simple, but this is not true. Simplicity may at times be one of the composer's tools, but the principles of musical poetry are far from simple. Musical poetry always wants something new, new ideas and new exteriors. And the performing artist must interpret this holiday spirit, this complicated and condensed music so that his listeners will grasp it in one hearing.

All goes well if the interpreter does not come into conflict with the composer, but he often does. Music is abstract and complicated, quite often its rhythm and phraseology, its tempo and dynamics, do not conform to the artist's musical intuition and sense. What is the performer to do? As an artist of integrity and independence he would like to convey to his listeners the piece in the manner most convincing to him, for that will be the most convincing to his listeners. But he must show deference to the composer, who did not create the piece in question for him alone and with him in mind, and would not sanction *forte* where he demands *piano*, or *allegro* where he expressly indicates *andante*. It is here that the really great artist leaves behind the mere virtuoso whose main concern is brilliant and effective execution, for he realizes that the differences between his instinctive conception and the composer's indicated intentions must be resolved. He received a finished creation yet he must add to the piece certain things the composer did not say and did not even think of. The real artist will do this in such manner that while his interpretation is not absolutely identical with the composer's work at the same time it does not differ from it. And even if it is true that in this new, re-created work there is not all the richness of the original composition, if there are turns, rhythms, accents, and beauties that a lost to the ear, or remain pale in the glare of the concert hall, the performer, if he is a genuine artist, will infuse the composition, completed through his interpretation, with the richness of his own personality, which will be compensation enough.

In order to achieve this the performer's personality must be in tune with the work performed. He may differ in interpretative details with the composer but the music as such must be close to him, must appeal to him. It is for this reason that a performer should never select his program for any other reason than the point of view of his congeniality as interpreter. A composer's work circulates in thousands of copies and can become our daily entertainment, yet if we can hear it performed by a great artist in a manner unique to him, this uniqueness becomes a solemn occasion for which it is well worth while to go all bedecked to a festive music hall as to a celebration.

PAUL HENRY LANG.



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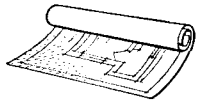

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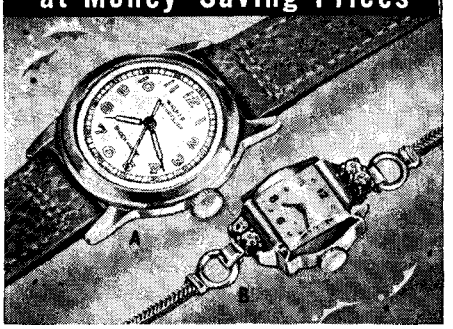

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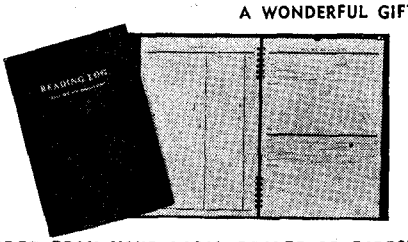

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BEETHOVEN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. (Septet op. 20, Minuet op. 49, #2.) HORIZON WM 1 (3 10″ *pl.*).....$5 (*Mail order*: *Horizon Records, 521 5th Av. New York 17.*)	Voice is harsh, too prominent. Good fidelity. Piano on last side is poorly recorded. "High" compensation near ends of sides is lacking.	AA *plastic*	*See below.* Running analysis of "conversations" betw. instruments. Music suffers from erratic tempi, otherwise OK.
TCHAIKOWSKY — HIS STORY AND HIS MUSIC. Floyd Mack, Vox Symphony, Max Goberman. Vox 257 (3 10″).....$3.85	Improvement noted in 2nd album (SRL Aug. 10) continued in these. New narrator allows music more scope.	B—	Snatches of music; conventional (and inaccurate) sentiments about the composers. Narrator (Mack) is improvement over Jose Ferrer. Innocuous entertainment.
BEETHOVEN — HIS STORY AND HIS MUSIC. (Same as above.) Vox 26. (3 10″).....$3.85		B—to C	
GOING WEST. (Young People's Record Club.) Tom Glazier. (1 10″ *pl.*) (*subscription only*)	Voice well recorded, high fidelity, but guitar accpt. too low.	AA *plastic*	Musical releases by new record club. (*295 Madison Av. New York 17*) "Going West" simple Westerns, clearly and simply done. Toy Symphony is bonus to subscribers. Subscription recommended.
HAYDN, TOY SYMPHONY. (Young People's Record Club.) (1 10″ *pl.*) (*subscription only*)	Excellent recording, high fidelity. Beautiful surfaces. Kids can't break 'em.	AA *plastic*	

MUSICAL ALBUMS FOR CHILDREN

IN THE current spate of children's records "serious" music is playing an increasing part. Various attempts are being made to bring children's attention to music and musical instruments in a more or less educational manner. Unfortunately, it is assumed that education is naturally dull and therefore needs dressing up before it is served. This dressing up is known to the trade as "entertainment," and is of course the antidote as well as the antithesis of education in these circles.

My own name is attached to one of these musical albums, "Beethoven for Young People" (above), as musical advisor. The story is interesting, if only as a characteristic example of the discussions that go on over the education - entertainment question. The choice of music was mine (and it's splendid children's music, I say) and the original analysis was also mine. However these albums are seldom one man's work but, as in radio and movies, are worked out in give-and-take conference, involving numerous people and numerous viewpoints.

In this case some members of the group felt, as many do, that the spoken text, the script, must at all costs be entertaining on its own, with plenty of imagery to keep the child busy. In effect they were ready, as I saw it, to sacrifice musical explanation (education) to this end. My contribution was to suggest that we were concerned with music; that there was abundant entertainment in the music itself. The spoken text, then, should be a simple, direct, and warm account of what actually happens in the music, and no more. Let the music do its own job, with the narrator calling attention unobtrusively to what the music has to offer.

There was also much discussion as to the proper narrator. I suggested (*SRL* Nov. 9) that the person who spoke the text should be a musician, or at any rate conversant with the actual music he was to describe—this instead of the usual professional, radio type narrator who ordinarily never hears the music he describes until the actual recording session, and thus can have no real understanding of what he is saying.

"Beethoven for Young People" is a good beginning, if a compromise, in a new and promising field. Its successor, now in preparation, will analyze a work of Mozart entirely through harmony and key via a running humorous story. If all goes well it should be excellent musical education—*and* entertainment.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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REDISCOVERING AMERICA

(*Continued from page 21*)

be good and annoyed, but I am really remembering a quarter of a century ago, when I sat in the back of a loaded car as this one sits now, surrounded by a Stoll auto tent, folding camp beds, tarpaulins, blankets, suitcases, and all the assorted paraphernalia we thought necessary for touring in 1921. We had a foodbox built onto the right front fender, a luggage carrier on the running board, and a trunk rack on the rear, with a dusty canvas lashed to it. I remember that old car and every item of that equipment and every volt and ampere that went through my squirming young body. I remember places we camped, roads we went over in Montana and Wyoming and Idaho and Utah. There were no back roads then, because everything was a back road. I remember the gumbo near Thermopolis, Wyoming, that stripped the rubber off both our rear tires and plugged it up under the fenders until we stalled. I remember the tire we hung on a tree in West Yellowstone, with its incredible mileage painted on it in white, "6,000 miles and still going!" In those days we counted twenty miles an hour a remarkable average for a hard day's drive. I remember the broken springs and the boiling radiators, the red dust of roads under construction, the waving of hands from every car, back in the days when touring was still only a step from the goggles-and-ulster stage and the roads were the lineal descendants of the Oregon Trail.

When I turn to look at the noise-making buffoon who is my later duplicate, his eyes are bright as a squirrel's, and through his milk-bottle horn he lets me have it. His ricochet effect bounces off my skull, and I fall back to driving. But I am plenty content, because we shall hardly be well recovered from this desert trip before we shall be off again, across the continent. We shall not be following our pre-war custom of hitting the Lincoln Highway at sixty-five, driving seven hundred miles a day, and sleeping in motels. We'll be lugging our sleeping bags and jungling up in inner-spring washes. We shall see the Wah-Wah Mountains and the San Rafael Swell, the Goosenecks of the San Juan and Monument Valley, the Four Corners and the sandrock country and the western slope of the Colorado Rockies, and we shall probably stop somewhere on the banks of the Platte and eat lunch among primroses. And we shall meet most of America on the road.

THE END.

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THE politicians we elect
Soon pay our wishes small respect,
While bureaucrats by chance appointed
Turn out to be the Lord's anointed.

Democracy, as it is rated,
Elects the man who's nominated,
And names like Lilienthal or Bowles
Are seldom entered at the polls.

If government, for all its parts,
Depends on where the voting starts,
And parties and their contribution
Aren't mentioned in the Constitution.

Let's ascertain, for value *x*,
Who hung these parties round our necks,
And then deduce, for value *y*,
If possible, the reason why.

D. H. RICH.

* * *

And now to the agenda:

Mr. Laurence Perrine should send me his address at once, which I have lost, as I have two letters addressed to him in my care. Also, Mrs. William B. Hurd of Washington, D. C., and Miss Eleanore S. Menagh of Rutherford, N. J., both tell me that the poem Mr. Perrine wanted is not called "The Strong Swimmer," but is "The Good Swimmer," by Rolfe Humphries, which first appeared in *The New Yorker* and later was included in a collection of Mr. Humphries's poems called "The Summer Landscape." Mrs. Hurd says she agrees with the comment of *The Saturday Review of Literature* upon Mr. Humphries's "Out of the Jewel," in which Raymond Holden averred that this poet "among the small company of genuine lyric craftsmen in America today stands near the top." Miss Menagh incloses a copy of the poem clipped from *The New Yorker*, which I will also forward to Mr. Perrine when I hear from him.

* * *

On the matter of the pronunciation of Dean Inge's name, I have received communications from Theodore H. Kenworth of Brooklyn, Counselor at Law; Lucy Newell of Napa, California; and Clement Wood of Bozenkill, N. Y. Jack Luzzato's rhyming of "orange" with "bar-inge" goes out of the window, because, as Theodore Kenworth tells me:

Luzzato's grievance seems to hinge
On why we do not rhyme Dean Inge;
The reason's just this little thing:
We rightly rhyme our dear Dean Inge.

and Lucy Newell reminds me of the famous "Epitaph in Advance" of long ago:

Hark! the herald angels sing
Timidly, because Dean Inge
Has arrived, and seems to be
Bored with immortality.

* * *

Then there's the "shortest poem" agenda: Hazel Duncan of Chicago submits:

HUSBAND

Biz
His.

Charles K. Hackett of Maywood, also Illinois, gives with:

PROPOSAL

You?
Pooh!

As to the meat situation, Alma Welch, of Los Angeles, gloomily writes:

Mutton
Or nutton.

A. S. Flaumenhaft of Brooklyn trails the field with:

RECOMMENDATION

Our maid
Has stayed.

* * *

I have received answers to Robert B. Sears's inquiry of October 26 (concerning the Thomas Paine memorial in Thetford, England, erected by members of a United States Eighth Air Force Heavy Bombardment Group) from the Thomas Paine Memorial Committee, Joseph Lewis Secretary: from Helen L. Cooper, formerly Corporal Public Relations Third Bomb Division; from Mrs. Frances C. Gates of Montclair, who refers me to Bill Woodward's "Tom Paine: America's Godfather"; from Evelyn Wedekind of Morningside Drive, who refers me to J. F. Dobie's "A Texan in England"; and from W. L. Werner of Pennsylvania State College. I can print only Mr. Lewis's letter:

> This important event took place on October 21, 1943 on the 206 anniversary of Paine's birth. The main address was delivered by Dr. J. Frank Dobie, Professor of American History at Cambridge, England. Another speech delivered at the unveiling ceremony was made by S/Sgt. J. T. Dugan. The entire event was published as a special feature in *The Stars and Stripes* at that time.
>
> The plaque reads as follows:
>
> *THOMAS PAINE*
>
> *1731-1809*
>
> *Journalist, Patriot, a Champion of the rights of the common man, Thomas Paine son of an humble THETFORD staymaker was born near this House.*
>
> *From his talented pen came the voice for the democratic aspirations of the American Republic through such splendid writings as "Common Sense," "Crisis" & "The Age of Reason."*
>
> *Buried in New York this simple son of England lives on through the ideals & principles of the democratic world for which we fight today.*
>
> *In tribute to his memory & to the everlasting love for freedom embodied in his works, this Plaque is gratefully dedicated through the voluntary contributions of Soldiers of an American Airforce Group.*
>
> *OCTOBER 21st, 1943*
>
> The Bomber named after Paine carried this inscription:—
>
> TOM PAINE
> Tyranny, like Hell,
> is not easily Conquered.
>
> Captain Marvin E. Hilton of Los Angeles, California, was pilot of this United States Army Eighth Air Force, B-17 Flying Fortress.
>
> Mr. Sears also states, "There is no stone in the local cemetery (Thetford, England), for the location of Paine's grave is a mystery." This is an error. Thomas Paine was buried in New Rochelle on the property given him by the State of New York for his invaluable services during the American Revolution. Some years later, the grave was violated by an overzealous admirer, William Corbett, who took the remains to England for the purpose of having a public funeral for this great man. However, he met with many obstacles, and the body, in its coffin, was shifted from place to place until it finally disappeared.
>
> Tradition has it that Paine's little finger is still buried in the New Rochelle plot.
>
> Thomas Paine in his Will made this provision:—
>
> > . . . I desire to be buried on my farm in New-Rochelle. The place where I am to be buried, to be a square of twelve feet, to be enclosed with rows of trees, and a stone or post and rail fence, with a headstone with my name and age engraved upon it, author of "Common Sense." . . .
>
> Vandals, some years ago, broke the headstone which marked the grave. The remaining part of stone is now in the Paine Museum, a short distance from the grave. I think Mr. Sears would also be interested to learn that through the efforts of the writer, Thomas Paine was elected, last November, to The Hall of Fame; and an heroic statue made by the late Gutzon Borglum is now in Paris awaiting erection.
>
> —As for the ideals of Tom Paine—"Keep 'em flying!"
>
> WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. A rockling.

B. Greek philosopher (Syrian Neoplatonism; d. about 333 A.D.).

C. Secretary of State, 1915-20.

D. A European capital.

E. French composer (1890-).

F. Red or yellowish-red dyestuff used for colpring butter, etc.

G. Starveling's part in the interlude in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

H. Son of Canaan and ancestor of the Hittites (Bib.).

I. American meteorologist, laid foundation for modern weather forecasting (1785-1860).

J. One who keeps late hours when he should be sleeping (2 wds.).

K. Capital of the Confederate States (Civil War).

L. English novelist (1823-1901; "Dove in the Eagle's Nest").

M. The small steelyard used in China and neighboring countries.

WORDS

181 127 150 95 43 104 154 1 110 179 163

14 156 5 170 115 178 161 149 74 165

75 86 23 155 11 68 190

145 35 118 169 184 16

139 106 113 2 186

136 157 89 174 60 99 143

92 117 180 172 32 166 53 12 88

72 128 40 33

78 111 64 6

137 107 55 48 159 29 8 114

108 93 144 81 131 38 121 69

65 28 189 45 152

158 44 142 135 177 164 182

DEFINITIONS

N. Recluses, hermits, usually for religious reasons.

O. A Russian representative at the U. N., Oct. 1946.

P. Physician and sage of ancient Egypt, later deified (Fl. 2980 2950 B.C.).

Q. Atoll in the Marshall Islands (W.W. II).

R. Characteristic specimens or samples of fabrics, etc.

S. Servant to Wolsey, later Secretary to the Council ("Henry VIII").

T. Supposed dwelling place of the dead or superhuman beings (Anthropol.; 2 wds.).

U. English poet and playwright (1882-; "Mr. Pim Passes By").

V. Visionaries; dreamers.

W. Any wool not adapted to a mill's requirements (Comp.; Wool mfg.).

X. Nickname for Gen. Zachary Taylor (With "Old"; comp.).

Y. A sharp, painful, or menacing part or attribute of an object.

WORDS

62 9 84 52 146 39 79 96 105 94

87 31 183 24 101 140 147 10 153

41 4 176 132 103 120 63

173 129 67 26 125 102 3 162

71 187 46 51 34 61 167 138

116 91 15 36 123 171 19 30

7 57 97 49 133 112 90 22 17 76

66 188 100 77 20

27 98 54 175 59 42 80 70

130 185 37 151 25 50 122 56

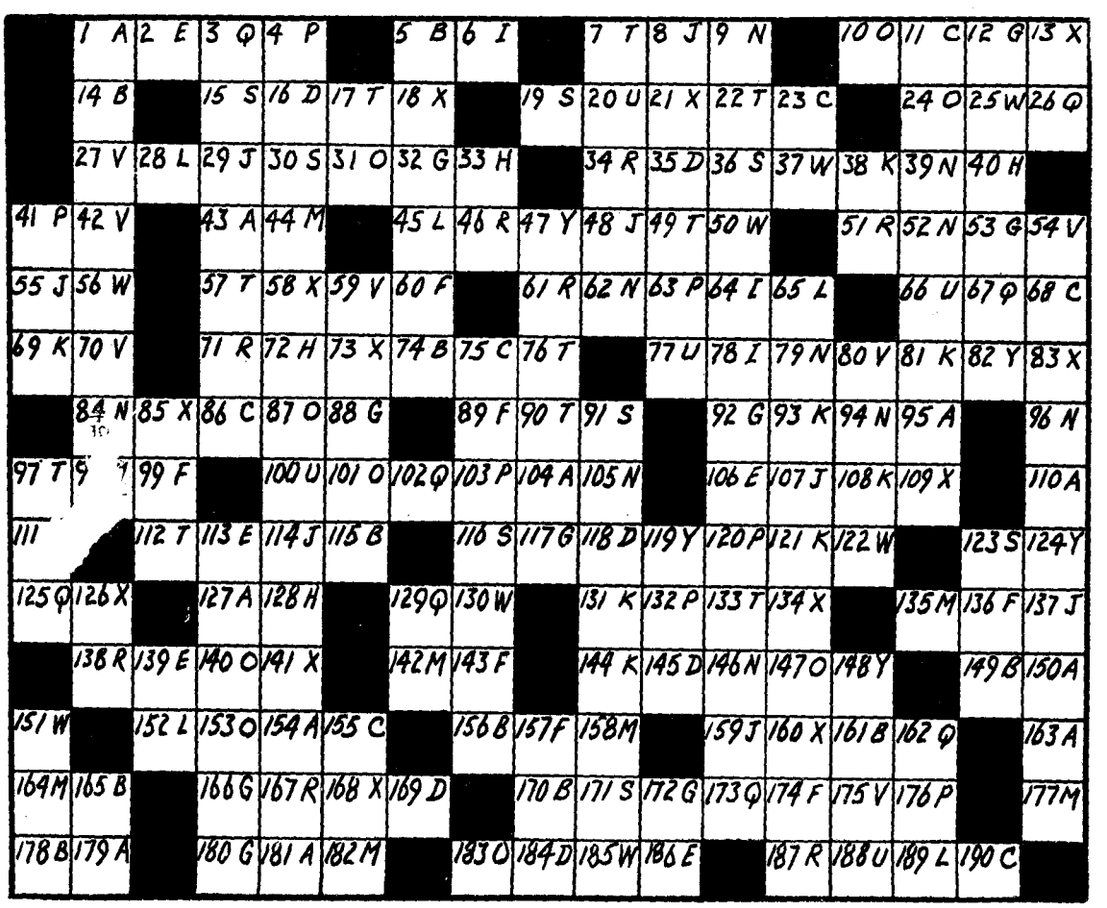
85 73 160 141 58 168 126 13 83 134 21 109 18

119 148 82 47 124

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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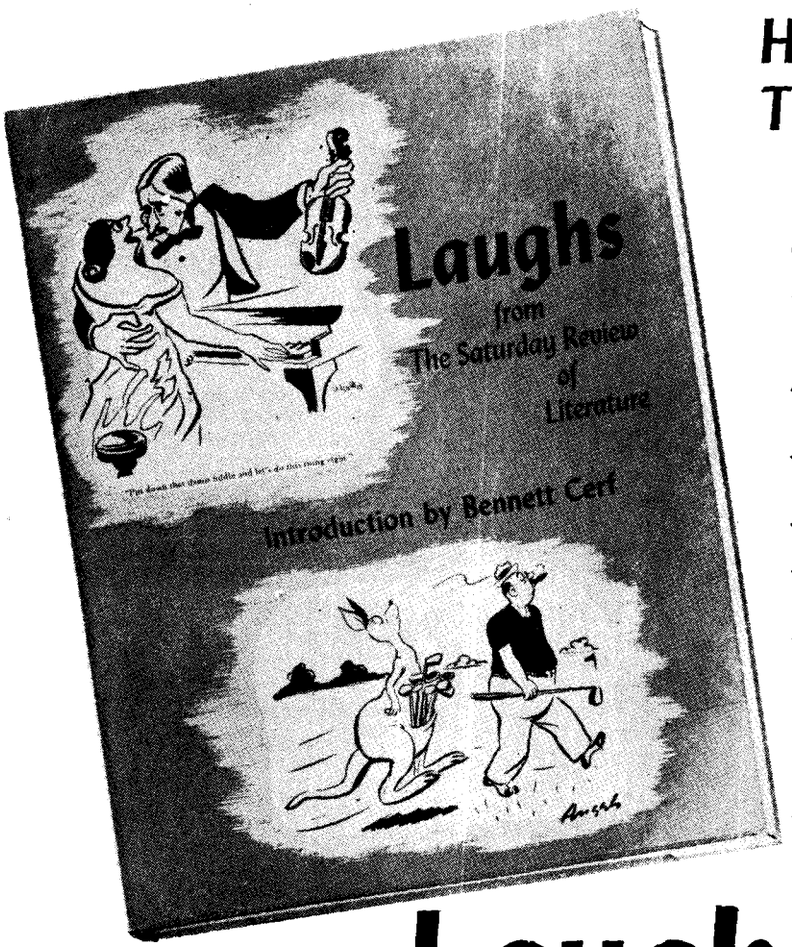

HAVE YOU THE PERFECT GIFT FOR—

Mother—who wishes books weren't so "unpleasant"?

Father—who has read ALL the books about Roosevelt?

Aunt Hattie—who knows *The Egg and I* by heart?

Jane—who is an authority on "whither are we drifting"?

Joe—who "got sick of comic books" in the Army?

The Boss—who finds financial statements dull reading these days?

The Boss's Secretary—who reads the best sellers *before* they're made into movies?

Everyone—highbrow and lowbrow—who can read, write and laugh?

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